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## CHRONICLE.

ON Friday week the CHANCELLOR of the ExCHEQUER made a statement, necessarily rather provisional, respecting the proposed course of business, and then the House returned to the Land Bill, discussing it for the rest of the evening, rejecting divers new clauses, mostly moved by Anti-Parnellites, accepting one or two, and finally passing the measure through Committee. The second reading of the Stamp Duties Bill was then opposed, but carried by 83 to 23, and, with its satellite the Stamp Duties Management Bill, referred to the Standing Committee on Law; and the House adjourned, after shortly debating and reading a second time Sir HERBERT MAXWELL'S Industrial Assurance Bill.

On Monday Mr. GOSCHEN was pelted with questions about the course of business, about Manipur, and about all sorts of things, in a tone which boded not well for what would happen when Supply was actually approached. Nor were these forebodings unjustified when the actual business—a vote on two months' account for 4,280,100*l.*—was taken. Some members objected to the amount; more, including persons so different as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. JAMES LOWTHER, to the long time of anticipation, and the Vote itself was not obtained till quite the end of the evening, after a true Supply saturnalia of desultory discussion and captious cavilling. In the course of this Mr. C. A. V. CONYBEARE was cowed by Mr. GOSCHEN (but cow on rhinoceros does little good) for display of the grossest ignorance on so well known a matter as the Turkish Loan of 1854, while the long-suffering Chairman himself informed Mr. ALPHEUS C. MORTON that members who discussed a vote were expected to bring some knowledge of the subject to its consideration. Alas! for Mr. COURTNEY and the House, forgetful of that Tenth Beatitude which never applies so well as to "ALPHEUS C. and C. A. V., And 'other folk of their kidnee," as sings the plaintive bard.

The House of Lords met for the first time on Tuesday after Whitsuntide and (against Lord DENMAN'S opposition) read the LORD CHANCELLOR'S Evidence Bill a second time. In the House of Commons the certainly rather awkward state of uncertainty occasioned by the absence of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports continued to some extent, and the Opposition, which, if business had been presented to it, would have been busy in obstructing, complained that there was nothing for a poor fellow to obstruct. The procedure necessitated by the awkward Newfoundland business was, however, explained, and then Lord ELCHO moved the Derby adjournment in a speech better than most speeches on this hackneyed subject. Sir WILFRID LAWSON, too, who opposed, put much less chopped straw in his wit than has been usual with him of late, spurred, no doubt, by the knowledge that the Welsh Bill for Refusing Drink to the Thirsty was jeopardized by the motion. The prigs, however, were beaten by 137 to 109; and thus two very satisfactory birds were bagged with one shot. On the Budget Bill the *magnum opus* of proving Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to be a financial authority was resumed, and, if that result can be attained by much speaking, may (let us say by next 1st of April) be achieved. The usual desultory talk followed. In the evening Mr. STUART'S resolution to enable women to sit on County Councils came on, but was rejected by 78 to 52. The debate and division showed once more that lovely woman is not that thing *qui nous divise le moins*; for it was all cross, Sir RICHARD TEMPLE being for innovation, and Messrs. LABOUCHERE, CREMER, and BOLTON for use and wont.

The House of Lords, on Thursday, held but a nominal sitting; the House of Commons had a long one a little bungled, thanks to the eccentric conduct of the Newfound-

land delegates, the irresolution of the Government, and the patriotism of the Opposition. It had been arranged, it seems, that, as a consequence of the Colonial Assembly coming to a better mind, the delegates should not appear at the Bar, and that the Bill should be read a second time *pro forma*, and dropped. Yet Mr. STAVELEY HILL and Mr. EVANS, the Conservative and Gladstonian advocates of the delegates, were either put up or allowed by them to complain bitterly of this very course; and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, inspired by the prospect of mischief, took the opportunity to denounce the Government as truckling to France, and mishandling the colony. In the end the Government accepted an amendment of Mr. BRYCE'S, which was, in effect, a snub to Mr. BRYCE'S distinguished leader *pro tem.*; and the House resolved not to read the Bill for the present, but to declare its readiness to support the Government. Supply, the Budget Bill being read a second time, filled up the rest of the time till one o'clock.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. There was very little foreign or colonial news at the end of last week, but Monday morning provided at least two pieces of intelligence of

greater interest than vague and contradictory assertions of engagements in Chili, gossip about Queen NATALIE, doleful but unpractical complaints of the conduct of Russia (who is getting in all the gold and turning out all the Jews, a double insult to the chosen people), and the like. It appeared, though details were wanting or discrepant, that the Portuguese had at last drawn down on themselves the actual punishment which they have been insanely provoking for so long, and, attacking a force of the South Africa Company's men, had been beaten with some loss of life. From Manipur the capture of the SENAPUTTY was at last announced "by a subahdar of the Surma Valley police, "after a fierce struggle," "by Major MAXWELL in the "Chasad Hills," "quietly at a village not half a mile from "Manipur." And then persons, supposed to be reasonable beings, say that you must not believe that a thing happened if there is a discrepancy in the accounts of it.—There has been an outbreak in the Argentine province of Cordoba, the head-quarters of the Celmanites, and the French have been much exercised at "treachery" in their War Office. The extraordinary Mala Vita trial at Bari, which has lasted for months, at last came to an end, all the prisoners being found guilty and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. But the "kind "gallows of Crief" is the only remedy for such things.

—The punitive part of the Manipur business began on Monday, when the man who murdered Mr. GRIMWOOD was hanged. This murder, it may be remembered, was committed independently of the killing of Mr. QUINTON and his other companions, and was confessed by the doer.—A small rising was reported from one of the tributary states in Orissa.—A long and interesting account of the sinking of the *Blanco Enclada* has been received from New York, confirming the not startling proposition, that if two fast torpedo cruisers pelt an ironclad, at anchor, with her ports open, and with no steam up, sufficiently long with torpedoes, they will not improbably send her to the bottom. It appears, however, that the loss of life, though not small, was much exaggerated.—By what seemed at first very bad news, it was reported on Wednesday that the Newfoundland Assembly had passed what is absurdly called the Coercion Act for one year only, an idle and impertinent proceeding, which would not have met the necessities of the case, and would have necessitated the carrying of the Newfoundland Bill on this side. Reflection, however, and a second sitting, with the efforts of Mr. MORINE, the Opposition leader and one of the delegates to England, obtained the insertion of an amendment extend-

ing the operation to three years, which may be sufficient. —Great efforts are being made by Senhor CARVALHO, the Portuguese Minister of Finance, to get the money affairs of the country in some order, and it seems to be regarded as possible that they may be successful.

#### Letters and Speeches.

Mr. PARNELL observed his Sunday duties as usual in Ireland, and next day there appeared an edifying letter from Archbishop WALSH and some edifying speeches from Archbishop CROKE concerning his crimes, but not concerning the very remarkable slowness with which these holy men found them out. This point having been pressed upon the eminent ARCHBISHOP, he replied in a very exquisite letter to the *Times* of Thursday, pointing out that the "order" (he meant "decree") of November 17 was only "conditional." It is most satisfactory, though a little surprising, to find in Archbishop WALSH such implicit submission to even the formulas of English law; but has he not got himself into a new difficulty? For the rule was only made absolute this very week, and he ought, therefore, to have withheld his condemnation of Mr. PARNELL till now. So he stands, by his own argument, convicted of precipitation even grosser than the gross delay of which the other people's argument convicts him. This is a parlous case for an Archbishop. —Holiday laziness still exercised itself in endless writing about St. ELIZABETH of Hungary, the most interesting thing being the bland belief, evidently entertained by most of the writers, that a modern book of reference, probably compiled at third or thirteenth hand, is an historical document and evidence. —St. ELIZABETH was withdrawn from the boards on Tuesday in favour of OUIDA and Mr. BESANT, who have been fighting in an ARTEGALL and RADEGUND fashion about literary agents, a new and rather dubious sort of cattle whom the sweet simplicity of OUIDA shuns, while Mr. BESANT's stalwart sense discovers that it can, by using them, bring the wicked publisher to reason. —Also the Greek Minister tried to put a better face on the Corfu Jew-baiting, talking very nobly about "two ancient peoples who form the two great pillars on which religion, enlightenment, and the progress of the civilized world rest." He wrote in his vocation, and every one respects M. GENNADIUS personally; but, putting the ungracious ghost of FALLMERAYER out of the question, this is surely—surely! M. DELYANNIS, now, as PERICLES, with, let us say, the eminent D. BIKELAS and others, for EURIPIDES, ARISTOPHANES, THUCYDIDES, PLATO, and so forth! Do you quite see them in the parts, M. GENNADIUS? —Wednesday morning saw a rather acrimonious and very long epistle from Sir JAMES CRICHTON BROWNE and others on the subject of Nurses (why is it that discussion of these ministering angels always seems to provoke sentiments not angelic?), and the Newfoundland delegates, with what seems to old-fashioned English ideas rather dubious observance of etiquette, sent to the *Times* correspondence of theirs with the Government, part of which is as yet unanswered. —A dinner was given on Wednesday to Sir CHARLES TUPPER, at which the guest of the evening showed himself undismayed by the anathemas of Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, who had written to the English papers earlier in the week on the subject. Mr. HARVEY, one of the Newfoundland delegates, spoke on that unpleasant subject with moderation sufficient, but insufficient comprehension. —On the same day the Women's Liberal Federation met and listened to a letter from Mr. GLADSTONE, in which he remarked that Ireland stopped the way, an entirely novel observation to which a free translation of the great Mr. JENKINSON'S Greek quotation may well apply:—"Anarchon ara kai atelutaion to pan." "The thing is anarchic, and we never hear the last of it." —Mr. GLADSTONE has written a letter to Mr. S. MONTAGU, expressing his "annoyance" at the contrast between the conduct of Russia to the Jews and her conduct to the Mahomedans; which, translated out of Gladstonese into English, means his very natural fear that people will begin to wonder whether Russia is not as bad as Turkey, and worse too.

The valuable Manchester Cup was won on Sport. Friday week by Mr. VYNER'S Lily of Lumley, the French Prix du Jockey Club (sometimes called the French Derby), on Sunday, by M. DE MONBEL'S Ermak, the favourite Révérend being not even placed. The Woodcote Stakes at Epsom on Tuesday were won by Mr. ROSE'S Bonavista. As to the Derby, on Wednesday, which was run in horribly bad weather, interest was almost absorbed in the question whether the Frenchman,

Gouverneur, whose chances were thought by some not to be much lessened by the almost certainly false running of Révérend on Sunday, could beat Common, of whom two months ago nobody had ever heard, and who cut Gouverneur and all his other competitors down so easily in the Two Thousand. It would appear to be a Common habit to win by two lengths; for Sir FREDERICK JOHNSTONE'S horse, starting with a shade of betting on him, did it again, Sir JAMES DUKE'S Martenhurst, the third, being a long way behind Gouverneur. The Epsom Grand Prize, on what used to be called the off day, went to Mr. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD'S Benvenuto.

Nearly half a dozen cricket matches of interest were decided this day week, Surrey following up their victory over Notts by defeating Lancashire, Kent thoroughly beating Middlesex, Leicestershire drawing a match with the strong Yorkshire eleven, though the latter had closed their innings at the sixth wicket to make sure of the game, and both Universities concluding trial matches, Cambridge with a Marylebone team, Oxford with a pretty good eleven of Mr. PHILIPSON'S. This latter match was drawn in favour of Oxford, but M. C. C. beat Cambridge by four wickets. It should be observed, however, that all the matches of this day were much affected by treacherous wickets, and that the Marylebone victory was principally due to the bowling of ATTEWELL and DAVIDSON. The weather interfered terribly with the cricket of the early part of this week, and one match, that between Lord SHEFFIELD'S eleven and the M. C. C., was drawn on Tuesday, the M. C. C. just playing out time with their last wicket, so as to save a single-innings defeat. The most interesting things in the University cricket of the week were the remarkable bowling of Mr. JACKSON for Cambridge against Yorkshire on Thursday, and the innings on the same day at Oxford of Mr. SMITH, who, in the midst of a hopeless and established "funk" on the part of the rest of the team, and on a very bad wicket, made seventy against the bowling of MARTIN and ATTEWELL.

A tailors' strike and a builders' have been added Miscellaneous to the diversions of London, an omnibusman's strike (since ended) to those of Paris. —Well-deserved honours—the Victoria Cross, and promotion to the rank of Captain and Brevet Major—have been bestowed upon Lieutenant GRANT for his stand at Thobal. —Lord WALSHINGHAM was elected High Steward of the University of Cambridge on Tuesday, and on the same day the decree nisi in O'SHEA v. O'SHEA and PARNELL was made absolute.

M. JOSEPH ROUMANILLE, whose death was reported on Wednesday, was, with M. MISTRAL (though M. ROUMANILLE was a much older man), the founder of the curious Provençal school of "Félibres," who have attempted to revive the *langue d'oc* as a literary language, with no very marked result to the general knowledge, except *Mireio*, which is not itself a very great thing. M. ROUMANILLE himself did nothing that equalled in repute this work of his coadjutor's, though he was a prolific author in verse and prose.

Mrs. SUTHERLAND ORR'S *Life and Letters of Robert Browning* (SMITH & ELDER) stands at the head of books of the week.

#### THE STATE OF PUBLIC BUSINESS.

THERE is no necessity, and we have certainly no desire, to complicate the discussion of that increasingly unpleasant subject—the state of public business—by any retrospective review of the causes which have landed us in the present state of things. Politicians of opposite parties are not likely to convince each other of the soundness of their respective theories, and it is not impossible that even Unionists may be compelled to dispose of the question among themselves by an agreement to differ. It is easy enough to hit blots in the Ministerial arrangements, and easier still perhaps to find material for criticism in the way in which their plans, even when providently conceived, have been in some instances carried out. Such animadversions, however, will be largely tempered for most of us, if not, indeed, altogether checked, by the recollection that, of late years at any rate, there has never been a Government or a Ministerial programme on whom, and on which, these reflections might not with equal justice



have been annually made. It is next to impossible, nowadays, for any Cabinet of mortal men to carry through their business—however severely they limit it, however wisely they provide for the discharge of it—in anything like the time which would once have amply sufficed for it, or, indeed, to get it done at all, except by forced marches at the end of a seven or eight months' Session. Individual Cabinets, in this or the other year, may make matters worse or better for themselves by their mode of arranging their engagements; but bad they always will be, and, what is more, the natural vice of the situation, so to speak, during the last two months of the Session, will always be far more serious than any such artificial increment of it as can be attributed to Ministerial mismanagement. In view of these facts, which we do not think any impartial student of our Parliamentary history will be apt to deny, we confess that discussion of "the responsibilities" seems to us somewhat flat and unprofitable. We have, moreover, already had our very recent say on the subject, and there has been no such development in the situation since then as to create any present necessity for recurring to it.

If, however, the past may as well be dismissed as a topic not likely to yield any valuable fruit of debate, the present aspects, and still more the future prospects, of the situation are in very different case. So far as we can judge, the Unionist party has never at any time since the last general election had such good reason for regarding both present and future with anxiety. Taking matters as they stand, and waiving all question as to how they reached that condition, one thing, at any rate, is clear—that they require both skilful and vigorous handling if they are not to be allowed to go from bad to worse, from temporary entanglement to incurable muddle, and from difficulty to deadlock. Yet it is just at this most critical moment that Ministers, instead of pulling themselves together, seem to be going all to pieces. They not only appear to have taken no decisions as to the best way of winding up the Session, but they do not seem even to have any plans. An interruption so slight as the expected incident of Thursday night—when the Newfoundland delegates were to have been heard at the bar of the House, for which, moreover, the Government might surely have been prepared—was apparently enough to upset all their dispositions. A few days' absence of the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY from his place in the House is, it would seem, another direfully disturbing event. The fact that they failed to carry the second reading of their Budget Bill at a single sitting—though what else they could have expected in the circumstances we know not—is understood to be a further addition to their discomposure. Meanwhile, and although thus disappointed in the progress made during "Government time," they hesitate to "take the whole time" of the House, but are content to allow private members to monopolize all the really working hours of the night on two evenings in the week, and to persevere themselves with the futile and now quite discredited procedure by way of "morning sittings." When the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is asked questions about the Education Bill, he can only answer in effect that he knows nothing about it, and must request the House to wait for information until Mr. SMITH returns to his place. His recollection is that his right hon. friend did *not* say that the measure would be introduced when the Land Purchase Bill was through Committee; but "if his right hon. friend did" say so, he need not assure hon. members that the engagement would be adhered to." Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT remarked, and not unnaturally, that it would be a great satisfaction to the Committee if the right hon. gentleman would "simply say when the Education Bill would be introduced and read a first time." The Government were not asked when they would take the important stage of the second reading, but simply when the Bill would be introduced, so that the country might know what the character of the measure was. But, though Sir WILLIAM "saw no reason why the Government should not give a definite answer" to this strictly limited question, such reason was visible to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, who regretted that he could not comply with the request, and pleaded that "it was the only point he had reserved for the return of his right hon. friend the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY."

But it was also the only point on which information was required; and it was so small, and one would have thought so settled, a point, that Mr. GOSCHEN's silence on it was strangely—we had almost said ominously—significant. Mr. SMITH has only been absent for a few days; it is weeks

since the official announcement was made of the intention of Government to legislate for the abolition of school fees; there are not many weeks between us and the pre-arranged end of the Session. And, in view of all this, it was certainly a little disconcerting to be told by a Minister in the position of Mr. GOSCHEN that he was not prepared to fix a date for the introduction of the Bill. There could be no tactical necessity for concealment; for, in the first place, it was not then clear, as we have seen, whether it is to be introduced before or after the Report of the Land Purchase Bill, and, in the former event, silence would not have the excuse of a Ministerial desire to protect this stage of the Irish measure from the risk of further obstruction. But, in the next place, it is obvious enough that the Opposition do not want to delay the introduction of the Education Bill. They may obstruct it after it is introduced; but they are all anxiety to see it, and naturally enough. If the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, therefore, was not prepared to tell the House when the Bill was to be brought in, his reserve seemed explicable only by supposing either that no day had yet been fixed at all, or that he thought it worth while to make Mr. SMITH's absence an excuse for even the briefest possible postponement of the information sought for.

Nor have matters been mended by Mr. SMITH's return to his place in Parliament. Last Thursday the House was informed by the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY that the Land Purchase Bill must be passed through all its stages before the Free Education Bill is introduced. That the former measure should be got out of the way before the latter is proceeded with is reasonable enough; but it was equally natural for the Opposition to inquire whether the Education Bill could not be, at least, introduced before taking the Report stage of the Land Purchase. But, no; the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY does not see his way to that. Thereupon, of course, follows the inevitable question whether the Government do, or do not, intend to allow a considerable interval to elapse between the first and second reading of the Bill. Yes; to be sure. The Government intend to allow an ample interval to elapse between these two Parliamentary events—an interval sufficient, as Mr. SMITH significantly says, to allow the Bill to be considered in the country. So that the programme seems to be this. First, the Report stage of the Land Purchase Bill to be put down on Monday next and proceeded with intermittently—for the Government have not got Wednesdays—throughout the week, and until this stage, and that of the third reading, is disposed of. Then the introduction and first reading of the Free Education Bill. Then a "considerable interval," and then the second reading, and so on; Supply being, in the meantime, sandwiched in here and there, as occasion may arise. And this is an arrangement which is to be gravely proposed to Parliament on the 1st June in a Session which it has been arranged to conclude at the end of July. If the Government merely mean to show their Education Bill and withdraw it, their action would be intelligible enough, whether commendable or not. But to do this would leave them with nearly a million of unappropriated surplus on their hands, and a repetition of the Licensing Bill fiasco staring them in the face. Can it be that this is what they are really playing for?

#### A WORTHY ALDERMAN.

SIR ROBERT FOWLER will be missed in the House of Commons more than many politicians of much greater fame than his. He was a very regular attendant upon debate, occupying a corner seat above the gangway; which, since 1887, he yielded to Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL when that erratic personage thought it worth his while to be present. He was famous for the peculiar vigour with which he always cheered his political friends, especially Ministers, whom he seemed to regard as persecuted martyrs needing all the encouragement that could be given them. Although his occasionally isolated and, to tell the truth, rather indiscriminate vociferation sometimes brought upon him a little good-humoured ridicule, he was a general favourite, and quite as much liked on the other side as on his own. His political position was a curious and rather interesting one. His family were Quakers, and he was brought up in the Liberal, not to say Radical, persuasion. But by conviction, perhaps aided by temperament, he became a Churchman and a Tory. No one who saw him or heard him would have conceived it possible that he had ever been in contact with Liberalism or Dissent. He seemed the

embodiment of what was orthodox and respectable, built up in allegiance to Church and QUEEN. Yet he was closely connected with the great PEASE clan, and a relative of Mr. WILLIAM FOWLER, sometime Liberal member for Cambridge, a writer of authority and repute on economics and financial subjects. Perhaps a Quaker turned Tory is no very wonderful phenomenon, and certainly many Quakers are Unionists. Sir ROBERT FOWLER, however, while in most respects the staunchest of party men, looking upon all caves as the abodes of wickedness, retained to the last day of his life some distinct and specific remnants of his early training. Like the present LORD MAYOR, he was fond of preaching and occupied the pulpit not unfrequently, whence it may be inferred that his Churchmanship was of the Evangelical and not of the sacerdotal type. Indeed, he would have "put down Ritualism" with as strong a hand as that eminent Puritan Mr. DISRAELI himself. But his Quaker origin chiefly and most honourably showed itself in zeal for the welfare of "native races," whenever these were alleged to be oppressed by colonists, or representatives of the mother-country. Sir ROBERT's zeal in these matters may not always have been according to knowledge. But it was invariably generous and highminded, never tainted with prejudice against Englishmen in difficult situations, but inspired by real humanity, and by the hatred of slavery in which he had been reared. On these points he was indifferent to party ties, and, indeed, he might have urged that Liberals had no monopoly of them. It was Dr. JOHNSON who drank to the next insurrection of negroes in Jamaica. Mr. PITT may almost be said to have abolished the slave-trade from his grave, and WILLIAM WILBERFORCE was a Tory.

Sir ROBERT FOWLER will perhaps go down to posterity as the Lord Mayor who quoted Greek. On the 9th of November, 1883, when Mr. GLADSTONE dined as Prime Minister at the Guildhall, Sir ROBERT was the host, and, in graceful compliment to the studies of his guest, cited the famous description of the Homeric hero:—

πολλές δὲ αὐτῷ  
λαοὶ ἔποντ', ἐν δ' αὐτὸς ἀριστεύεσκε μάχεσθαι.

Mr. GLADSTONE did not follow the example, feeling, perhaps, the influence of the Parliamentary tradition that Greek is "out of order." But he paid a well-deserved tribute to the upright and straightforward character of his political adversary. In one respect Sir ROBERT was a firm believer in Mr. GLADSTONE. He looked up to him as a sanitary specimen, and referred to him as a testimony to the wholesomeness of port wine. Sir ROBERT FOWLER's mayoralty, or rather his mayoralty and a half, is memorable, apart from its connexion with the Iliad. In 1883 he was elected out of his turn. The Aldermen refused to have the late Mr. HADLEY, whose name stood first on the rota, but whose subsequent career amply justified their refusal. Alderman FOWLER, having been declared second, on the show of hands in the Livery Hall, was chosen by his colleagues, though he chivalrously voted against himself. When his successor, Mr. NOTTAGE, died during his term of office, Sir ROBERT FOWLER was, with unanimous approval, placed in the chair a second time, for the remainder of the year. His tenure of the Mansion House was celebrated for what was well called an "inventive hospitality." He seemed to divide mankind into ingeniously-assorted classes for the express purpose of entertaining them. Aldermen are conventionally assumed to be fond of good living, and Sir ROBERT FOWLER, the most aldermanic of aldermen, was no exception to the rule. Yet he rode well to hounds, and faced the most inclement weather on his familiar hack. He was also a great traveller, having visited not only every part of Europe, but China, Japan, Australia, and New Zealand. In education and experience no one could be less like the Lord Mayor of comic fiction than Sir ROBERT FOWLER. He had taken high honours at the London University, and was a sound mathematician, with a tincture of scholarship. It may seem strange that, with so many advantages, natural and acquired, he did not make a greater figure in public life. Perhaps he was too well off to be ambitious. Moreover, he was no orator, and never, except by his forcible applause, obtained the ear of the House. It is creditable to the unreformed Corporation of London that such men as Sir ROBERT FOWLER share the honours and perform the duties of the City without attracting especial notice or being perceptibly above their fellows.

#### EGYPT.

SIR EVELYN BARING'S annual reports on Egypt are almost sure to give satisfaction to the English reader, whose enjoyment is only dashed by the thought of the intense agony which they cause to his French friends. As a prophet, as a patriot, as a logician, the Frenchman is hurt to the soul by these more and more glowing pictures (the truth of which he can only deny if he is ignorant or impudent beyond measure) of the results of English administration. The English, he holds, have no genius for administration; therefore they cannot administer; therefore Egypt, administered by them, must be ruined. Instead of this, it is matter of simple demonstration that at no time in recent history has Egypt been so prosperous as now. Despite the insane extravagance of ISMAIL and the chaos which succeeded it, revenue has been got not only to meet, but largely to overlap, expenditure. And this has been done, not by augmented, but by reduced, taxation; while the reduction would be much greater were it not for the refusal of France herself to let Egypt use her own savings in paying off her own debts. In almost every respect the efficiency of the Government has kept pace with its economy. Not long since France's own dear friend Russia inflicted on sensitive Frenchmen the *insanabile vulnus* of inviting the English officer who has been reforming the Nile system to visit Central Asia for the sake of giving advice; and the very last wrestle between English and French partisans has been on the question of freeing the fellahs from the bane of corruption and cruelty in the administration of justice. There is, indeed, the blot of the relinquished Soudan—a blot which we are glad to see Sir EVELYN, who is in no small degree responsible for the original commission of the blunder, now comes dimly to perceive, though he urges that the other policy would be very expensive. But under English influence the danger that a future reparation of this blunder might be prevented has been reduced to a minimum, the arrangements with Italy and Germany having precluded it altogether to the East and South, while, if Captain VAN KERCKHOVEN and his adventurers ever get beyond the Congo State limits on the West, a word to King LEOPOLD will no doubt be sufficient to repress their too much zeal. Nor if Egypt continues to prosper is there much doubt that Upper Nubia, the Equatorial Province, and the Bahr-el-Ghazal will come back either to Egyptian hands, or to such as will hold them for Egypt's benefit.

These things are painful enough to Frenchmen, but their keenest pang is to find the illogical Englishman slow to acknowledge the effect of his good deeds. "You said you would go when you had made Egypt prosperous. You say you have made her prosperous. Oh! why don't you go?" Thus Frenchmen, mournfully or spitefully, according to temperament. They will not see—we do not expect them to see—what Sir EVELYN BARING points out, that not only has the present improved position of Egypt been obtained under English influence, but that without English influence, or some other of the same kind, it cannot be sustained. Or, if they see it, which is possible, they have not quite the frankness to say, "No doubt; and we should like it to be our influence, not yours." But even some Radicals, even some Gladstonians, see and acknowledge this. The simple fact is, that Egypt is an Eastern country, with a now necessarily occidentalized system. Perhaps after many years a generation of native Egyptians will arise, so thoroughly trained in, and accustomed to, English habits, that they can be trusted to handle the Egyptian revenue with Western probity, the Egyptian people with Western mansuetude and even-handed justice. We rather doubt it ourselves, but it is not impossible. That, until that generation arises, the withdrawal of English, without the substitution of some other Western, influence would simply mean peculation, cruelty, anarchy, bankruptcy, ruin, is as certain as anything can be. Now, horrible as it may seem to Frenchmen, we do not intend to give them our place. We may go; perhaps we shall go, if we can. But that they shall not come in our stead is the determination of every Englishman who is not either a mere ignoramus or a mere fool, or so besotted with English party politics that he cares for nothing else.

#### "THE PRISONER'S MOUTH IS CLOSED."

THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S Criminal Evidence Bill passed its second reading in the House of Lords on Tuesday afternoon, with singular unanimity. The Bill is an old stager, having several times come before the House of



Commons only to be withdrawn at the close of the Session. It is not likely to meet with resistance there upon this occasion, except from the Irish members who object to its adoption in their own country. No doubt the principle is liable, like every other, to abuse. But none of the law lords, who are astute enough to detect possible danger, could suggest any reason why the Bill should not be carried. The former law was intelligible. No one could enter the witness-box who had a direct personal interest in the question for the Court. Thus plaintiff and defendant were disqualified in civil cases, and a man could not be heard to say that he had not ordered a ton of coals delivered at his door. If Mr. PICKWICK could have explained his relations with Mrs. BARDELL, and the real meaning of tomato sauce, he might never have visited the Fleet, or needed the consolation of SAM WELLER. More than twenty years ago this disability was removed in civil actions and restricted to criminal prosecutions. Even then there was perhaps something to be said for the state of the law. A prisoner's stake in the matter at issue is generally fifty times as great as a defendant's or plaintiff's, so that the distinction involved a genuine difference. But the law has undergone great changes of late years, and we defy any human being to offer a rational apology for it as it stands now. Various modern statutes creating new offences, such as the offence of sending unseaworthy ships to sea, contain a provision that the accused person, or her husband, or his wife, may give evidence if they so please. The Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1885 goes further. It declares prisoners to be competent witnesses, not only as regards the crimes with which it deals, but also in respect of other similar, that is sexual, charges.

It is true that the majority of the judges have recently adopted the practice of allowing prisoners to make statements from the dock, although defended by counsel. But, in the first place, the legality of the permission is open to dispute, and, in the second place, the statements, not being made upon oath, or subject to cross-examination, are of very little value. Indeed, the custom is rather to be regretted than otherwise, because it has operated to postpone a salutary and necessary reform.

The LORD CHANCELLOR gave some instructive examples of the inequality and injustice which characterize the present law. Perhaps the best is this:—"Under the Explosives Act, if a person is accused of having explosives in his possession, he can be called as a witness; but if by the use of the explosive somebody is killed, and the person who has charge of it is indicted for manslaughter, that person cannot be examined." The Explosives Act was hurried through both Houses in a single day under the influence of the dynamite scare. But an exactly parallel case might arise under the Merchant Shipping Acts. Again, a man charged with outrage upon a woman may give evidence, but not if he be indicted for assaulting her with intent. Moreover, as LORD HALSBURY pointed out, any one can prosecute in England, so that the accuser may deliberately so frame his accusation as to shut the mouth of the accused. Take the case of libel, which may be the subject either of suit or of indictment. If the former remedy is employed, the parties are on equal terms. But if the latter be resorted to, the plaintiff may tell his story on oath and the defendant cannot contradict him. The LORD CHANCELLOR, whose two short speeches are full of interest, described, not only as "an old equity draftsman," but as an advocate of great experience in criminal Courts, the fate which befel a client of his own. "I once," he said, "was counsel for a clergyman who had been convicted of an offence on the evidence of two girls. The clergyman turned the tables on them by indicting them for perjury. They were convicted, and the clergyman received a pardon." Now, apart from the absurdity (which is, of course, merely technical) of pardoning any one for doing what he has not done, it is simply monstrous that an innocent man should be compelled to institute criminal proceedings on his own account, merely because he cannot meet his traducers face to face in the proper way. It requires no superstitious reverence for English judges—the best of whom, as LORD JUSTICE BOWEN said the other day, welcome criticism, from whatever quarter it may come—to believe that they would not permit the right of cross-examining prisoners to be misused by unscrupulous counsel. The inadmissibility of questioning accused persons is said to date only from the Revolution, and to have been designed for their protection against the tyranny of the Bench, as manifested when the judges were

removable by the Crown. After all, who is the best witness? "Gentlemen," said LORD BRAMWELL to the jury when there had been a confession, "the prisoner says he is guilty. His counsel says he is not. But you must remember that the prisoner was there, and his counsel wasn't."

#### CARDINAL AND CANON.

WE have heard it contended that a common calling impresses its characteristics upon men more than anything else that they may have in common—that an English, a French, and an Italian sailor, for example, resemble each other as sailors more than they differ from each other as Englishman, Frenchman, and Italian. We do not feel called upon, nor, if we were called upon, should we feel ourselves able to decide this question of the relative force of formative influences. There is certainly such a thing as a trade-mark recognizable among men of various nationalities, as may be seen in the conventional representatives of lawyers, soldiers, shopkeepers, artisans, &c., on the stages of Europe. SHAKESPEARE felt that it was on him, and he wished to have the brand removed. The clerical character, as it exists, not only in various countries, but in different churches and sects, has its common features, and, there are people who allege, its common infirmities. It was the doctrine, we believe, of PASCAL and of MARCUS AURELIUS that the divine must be sought in the human. GEORGE ELIOT and ANTHONY TROLLOPE, and the authoress of the *Chronicles of Carlingford*, to say nothing of other describers of clerical character, have fancied that they could sometimes see traces of the human in the divine. Little Bethel and Westminster Abbey and the Pro-cathedral are not, perhaps, so remote ethically as they are ecclesiastically and theologically. The toast which is sometimes drunk on festive occasions, "The clergy and the ministers of all denominations," indicates certain generic resemblances. Presbyterian is notoriously priest writ large. Canon, if we may judge from two samples of ecclesiastical correspondence which have lately been made public, may resemble Cardinal in something more than the initial letter C.

The subjects on which CARDINAL MANNING and Canon MACCOLL—for they are the Cardinal and the Canon whom we have been gradually and respectfully approaching—have lately been discoursing, have ostensibly nothing in common. The Cardinal Archbishop of WESTMINSTER has been defining, or rather endeavouring to define—not, in our view, quite successfully—the limits within which the Roman Catholic right of breaking up Protestant meetings may be exercised. The Canon Residentiary of Ripon has been engaged, practically rather than theoretically, in making known his view of the respect which is due to the confidences of private life. He has been repeating a fragment of MR. BROWNING's after-dinner conversation in circumstances and on a topic which we shall presently mention. Both the CARDINAL's doctrine and Canon MACCOLL's practice involve nice questions of casuistry, and there is something professionally in common in their treatment of them. Underterred by the trouble which has on some previous occasions followed a similar course, we shall venture to give the CARDINAL precedence.

It appears that a Guild of Ransomers has come into existence, not to carry out an old idea of MR. CHAMBERLAIN's, for that would rather involve a guild of payers of ransom; but in connexion with the Roman Catholic Church. The aim of this body, so far as its aim can be judged of from its operations, is, according to the testimony of the Rev. Dr. HILES HITCHENS, of Eccleston Square Church, "to supply a staff of persons to disturb and, if possible, break up meetings held for the advocacy of Protestant principles." Interrogated by Dr. HILES HITCHENS, CARDINAL MANNING expressed his ignorance of any rule or practice of the guild to the effect indicated. Assured by Dr. HITCHENS that, whatever the rule of the Ransomers, this was their practice, and asked whether he approved of such interference, CARDINAL MANNING replies, *Distinguo*. There are Protestant meetings and Protestant meetings. He would disapprove of interference with the May Meetings in Exeter Hall, and similar Protestant gatherings. But there are meetings in which scandalous and apostate priests, and impostors describing themselves as ex-nuns, calumniate the Catholic Church to the injury of the public morals of the country. Whether CARDINAL MANNING would approve or disapprove

of interference with such meetings would depend, says the CARDINAL, upon many conditions. Prominent among these conditions to which his Eminence refers is, we venture to think, the consideration whether he has the power to get these meetings broken up without involving himself and the guild, which he has sanctioned, though he did not originate it, in very serious trouble. We as little approve as the CARDINAL himself of the meetings he describes, if they be such as he describes. But we cannot admit that the right of public meeting in England should depend on Cardinal MANNING's sense of what is decent and for the good of the community. The pretension is harmless and even ludicrous, as advanced by him. But put forward, let us say in Dublin, by Archbishop WALSH, under a Home Rule Parliament and Executive, and a Roman Catholic Viceroy, and a constabulary force withdrawn from Imperial control, it would assume a very much graver character. The subjection of law to the discretion of ecclesiastical authority is avowed with an audacious candour.

Cardinal MANNING justifies his lawless doctrine, of which this is not the first example he has given, in the interests of the public morals of the country. Canon MACCOLL makes his disclosure of Mr. BROWNING's table-talk a rebuke of the want of perfect accuracy characteristic of other gossip-mongers and tittle-tattlers. The story which he tells is precisely as Mr. BROWNING, who ought to have known, did not tell it. The basis of fact common to both narrators is that Lord BEACONSFIELD, accosting Mr. BROWNING at an Academy dinner, privately ridiculed the imaginative poverty of an exhibition of which in his after-dinner speech he eulogized the imaginative richness. Mr. BROWNING used to tell the story, as everybody knows who was in the habit of meeting him, with some appreciation of Lord BEACONSFIELD's burlesque and banter, and with some ridicule of Mr. GLADSTONE's mock virtue:—"We are accustomed to that kind of thing in the House of Commons. I call it hellish." Canon MACCOLL makes Mr. BROWNING call Lord BEACONSFIELD a liar, and indulge in a parody of the doggerel, "I do not want to fight," &c. Canon MACCOLL, like the witness to the murder of Cock Robin, is sure that he heard it, and he will not admit the conscientious alternative, "Or else I dreamt so." He has added a story in which Mr. GLADSTONE is made to describe Lord BEACONSFIELD's incapacity to distinguish between truth and falsehood in terms which suggest that in the likeness there was as much of the painter as of the sitter. All this—since the matter has been made public there is no fault in saying—was strange to Mr. BROWNING's narrative, repeated over and over again. Mr. BROWNING had no particular liking for Lord BEACONSFIELD, who could not enter into his poetry. What his feeling towards Mr. GLADSTONE—the GLADSTONE of 1886 and afterwards—was may, perhaps, be gathered from a sentence of Mrs. SUTHERLAND ORR's recently published memoir of the poet, and perhaps also from some lines of his parleying with that very un-Gladstonian person, GEORGE BUBB DODINGTON. This, however, is remote from our immediate purpose. The purpose of edification leads Cardinal MANNING to doctrines of lawlessness, and Canon MACCOLL to illustrate the wickedness of Lord BEACONSFIELD out of the mouth of Mr. BROWNING, both of whom have the disadvantage of being dead; while Canon MACCOLL, like the foolish fat scullion, is alive. A story must be true, because it is improving. Meetings must be suppressed, because, from the ecclesiastical point of view, they are mischievous. We do not doubt Canon MACCOLL's good faith; but the difficulty of taking notes under the tablecloth, and the tendency of things to get mixed when the conversation becomes general, should be kept in mind.

#### "OUIDA" ON LITERATURE.

THE lady who writes under the name of "OUIDA" is greatly distressed by the present condition of literature. There are too many books; too few of them are literary; the modes in which publishing transactions are conducted scarcely commend themselves to the taste of OUIDA. On these and other topics she writes, as the old Roman annalist says, *a verbosa et grandis epistola* to the *Times*. OUIDA complains that "the modern mind appears to take no count whatever of the culture, talent, self-restraint, and original thought which are required to produce any good book." Who, as the old Roman bard observes, could endure the GRACCHI complaining about sedition? OUIDA is the last

author who has a right to murmur thus. Moreover, the complaint is not warranted: a good book will find a fit audience. Next, OUIDA, in her classic style, inveighs against publishing methods, "which seem to me fraught with menace to the small modicum of artistic excellence which remains still extant in English fiction." By using a little culture and self-restraint, OUIDA might have avoided her double-barrelled "which's." People who demand good style should set a good example. They very seldom do so, it must be admitted. The evil method is that of "syndicates." A syndicate is a company, which buys an author's manuscript and then sells it, usually to newspapers. We own that we see no harm in this arrangement. The author gets a better price; the newspapers have to pay less for his novel (the whole discussion is mainly about novels); and many people who cannot, or who do not choose to, pay for books find a story—perhaps a good story—in their weekly paper. Unless it is wrong for authors to be paid at all (which we do not understand OUIDA to assert), we cannot find any vice in the arrangement. If an author writes bad books because the patrons of the syndicate like bad books, that is a different question. But we are inclined to hold that most people prefer good books if they are to be obtained. Nothing can do more to encourage a pure taste in novels than the publication of the best in the form which reaches the largest number. OUIDA, however, asserts that the "author has to suffer from and deal with syndicates." He suffers gladly. He does not find, we believe, that his delicacy is more wounded by the representative of a syndicate than by the representative of a publishing firm. "It is trade-unionism, only that in this case labour is dictated to by the union instead of capital." No sense can be extracted from this remark, if it be correctly printed. We need not linger over the meaningless.

OUIDA next assails the "literary agent." He is a kind of attorney, who transacts the author's business for him with the publisher, and is paid by the author with a commission on the price received. Thus the author, "with some regard for the dignity and delicacy of art," is not wounded by commercial transactions. He writes his book, he gives it to his agent, he takes his price, minus the reward paid to the agent. Something may be said against, something for, this scheme. One would not wish to have one's wares hawked about, perhaps puffed, by an agent. On the other hand, many authors have a great dislike to dealing with questions of money. Their happiest plan is to have a publisher whom they can trust, and to leave themselves in his hands. But all they write may not suit him, so many may fall back on the agent. Certainly, he saves them trouble; certainly, so far, he is not overpaid. The worst about him is that the author cannot control his zeal, which may be exuberant and not according to knowledge. There are authors who prefer to receive lower wages rather than to suspect that an agent may be puffing his goods, which are also theirs. The agent, in many cases where publisher and author are friends, prevents a good deal of friction. Mr. BESANT acknowledges this in a letter to the *Times*. At all events, it is inconsistent to say that authors must have the bloom shaken off their delicacy, and at the same time to blame the man who stands between them and the higgling of the market. We are, perhaps, not less convinced than OUIDA that a great deal too much is said, and thought, and written about literary prices. But the literary agent may relieve the author of the troubles and disgusts of vending his own productions. There remains the danger that, if the author knew how the agent "pushed" his wares, he might prefer even the worry and loss of being his own chapman. No human arrangement is perfect; we have tried to see both sides of the literary agent's business. That he may be dishonest is true; but so may a statesman, or a shoe-black, a grocer or a general, a publisher or a plumber. The question of middlemen hardly comes in. If an author finds that an agent is worthy of his hire, he can employ him; if not, not. The publisher, at least in some cases, finds the agent as serviceable as the author. He would rather do business with another trader than with an amateur. Authors, not to their discredit, are seldom good tradesmen, for many reasons. They have had no commercial education; they are humble, and would take less than their due; or they are arrogant, and want more than their due. A solicitor might manage their business, as OUIDA says; but a solicitor is not an expert in this traffic; he would hate the job; the publisher would hate it; and the solicitor would be just as much a paid



middleman as the literary agent. The literary agent is not an "unnecessary and dangerous speculator." He does not speculate at all, any more than the person who carries some other person's eggs to market speculates. OUIDA talks of BYRON'S fine feelings. This is a very elderly myth. The poet was ever a keen bargainer. OUIDA makes the statement, unintelligible as English, and ridiculed by Mr. BESANT, that "authors' associations, authors' clubs, authors' guilds, are all caricatures of literature." This has no meaning; let OUIDA try DRYDEN'S test, and render it into Latin. We may like or dislike authors' clubs, and so forth, but there is no sense in saying that they are "caricatures of literature." A silly novel, full of bad taste, bad grammar, bad archæology, and of ignorant flummery in general, is a caricature of literature; but an authors' club can be nothing of the sort. To assail the persons who think that authorship can be taught is a more sensible performance of OUIDA'S. What people need to be taught is not to write at all, and then not to publish at their own expense. We are quite certain that no academy of fiction could have made OUIDA in any way a rival of Mrs. GASKELL, or Miss AUSTEN, or Miss THACKERAY, or GEORGE SAND, ladies untrained by any schoolmaster of romance. She is perfectly right; such education can do nothing, except, perhaps, check the fine natural absurdities which make some bad novels entertaining in their own despite. And then OUIDA produces this fine censure:—"Even so-called criticism in England has no intellectual palate, and a young man has of late been hailed by it as a fine writer, when he has neither knowledge of style nor common acquaintance with grammar, and should be whipped and put in a corner, like a naughty child, for his impudence in touching pen and ink without knowing how to use them." Unhappy young man! Let him study style, grammar, taste, morals, manners, and sport in *Strathmore*, and *Chandos*, and *Idalia*. The sorrows of veterans must be respected, even when they urge veterans to write, in a ladylike manner, at their younger rivals. OUIDA cannot see what people find to admire in the boy. As for the literary agent, OUIDA and other persons who do not like him can dispense with his services.

#### LYNCH LAW.

THE net outcome of the New Orleans lynching so far has been to establish the doctrine that any body of American citizens who choose may hang any person or persons whom they please to call criminals. Mr. BLAINE, quoting and annotating Mr. WEBSTER, has explained to the Italian Government that no foreigner has a right to more protection than the legal system of the United States grants to its own citizens. Now, citizens of the United States being lynchable *ad lib*, it follows that foreigners are so also. So much having been made clear, it is, perhaps, as well for foreigners whose occasions may take them to the Great Republic to understand what this peculiar institution is. M. ARTHUR DESJARDINS, of the Institut, a French lawyer who has made a particular study of the subject, has published a treatise on it in the current number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. M. DESJARDINS'S figures may possibly surprise some who have been under the impression that Judge LYNCH is confined to the wilder States, and only makes occasional appearances. Both suppositions are unfounded. Mr. BRYCE himself acknowledges that "Lynch law is not unknown in more civilized regions, such as Indiana, Ohio—even western New York." M. DESJARDINS, quoting M. CLAUDIO JANNET, asserts that it has been applied even in Massachusetts, the model State. So far from being the exception, Lynch law is the rule. It is the application of the regular law which is the exception. In 1884 there were 219 lynchings to 103 legal executions; and in 1889, 175 to 98. In the intervening years the proportion was about the same—namely, two to one, more or less. These are impressive figures. They prove that the law in the United States is utterly incapable of controlling "Faustrecht."

We will not deny that the natural man is occasionally tempted to approve of the summary justice of Judge LYNCH. At least, after reading such a story as that reported last week from Kentucky, it is not displeasing to learn that "AMOS QUEEN stepped forward, and, raising his repeating rifle, blew out the brains of both the scoundrels." One in this case rather envies AMOS QUEEN at that moment; but yet law, we have always understood, exists

to control the impulses of the natural man; and, moreover, those impulses are not to be uniformly trusted. Mr. BRYCE maintains that lynching is "far removed from arbitrary violence." What does Mr. BRYCE think of the execution of JOE SAVAGE, of Texas, who was first soaked in petroleum, and then hanged burning, "lighting up the surrounding country." The method of execution does not say much for the judicial calm of the respectable citizens who removed JOE SAVAGE. In another case quoted by M. DESJARDINS, a ranch-owner, backed up by his cowboys, released one of his men who was in prison on a charge of rape. The people have a right to acquit as well as to punish, and the ranch-keeper was quite consistent; but is it sure that he and his cowboys had carefully sifted the evidence? In fact, the drawback to Lynch law just is that it can hardly be applied without "arbitrary violence." It is, to begin with, a method which deprives the prisoner of all chance of producing evidence in his defence. Unless he can satisfy his judges there and then he dies. It requires at least some considerable confidence in the good sense of average human nature and its power of weighing evidence to believe that in every one of the 175 cases of 1889 the right man was seized. Then, again, it is hard to believe that casual collections of angry men are solely moved by a love of justice in these executions. It is so much more likely that trade animosity and personal hatreds should take advantage of the opportunity; and in that case arbitrary violence is very likely to occur. In fact, at New Orleans, as M. DESJARDINS very properly insists, and as we pointed out from the first, nearly as much was said about the success of the Italians in monopolizing the small commerce of the city as of the alleged crimes of the Mafia. Is it sure that there was no mixture of envy in the zeal of the mob which followed Lawyer PARKERSON? Yet again, as the mob is sole judge, it may erect anything it pleases into a crime. The White Caps reform the country-side with the hickory-stick—and that also is quite consistent with American principles. It is a pleasing consequence of these principles, too, that what one mob does another may "counter-do," if the expression is permissible. When A. B. has been lynched by sixty sovereign people, his friends, being sixty other sovereign people, may decide that he has been murdered, and lynch the lyncher. In fact, this very thing is said to have occurred in California, where thirty soldiers made an attack on a mining camp which had lynched one of their comrades. There was a lively fight, and several miners were shot. In the South, where all blacks accused of assaults on white women are killed out of hand, they have in some places taken to rescuing all people of colour arrested by the police. The law looks on. The delays of the law are great in America, and this is a frequent excuse for lynching; but the sovereign people never attempt to reform their law courts. They prefer anarchy.

#### THE AFFRAY IN MANICALAND.

EVEN towards the end of the week no certain or detailed news had been received of the affray, or affrays, which, nevertheless, had pretty certainly taken place, between the Portuguese forces and the troops of the British South Africa Company, either on the Pungwé or between Massi Kesse and Fort Salisbury, or in both regions. The names both of the persons and places concerned, the numbers engaged, the results, and the circumstances, were all vague and confused in the highest degree. But the most probable account, or selection from the accounts, seemed to be that which ran to the effect that a mixed force of Portuguese and natives (the former probably including some of the hair-brained volunteers who left Lisbon last year, and have had a very uncomfortable time of it since) had marched on Massi Kesse, and finding it peaceably evacuated, in accordance with Lord SALISBURY'S desire, had thereby been encouraged in their valiant souls to march on a fort which the English Company had established on the strip now proposed to be added to the original territory of the Company, had attacked it, and had got sharp punishment for their folly. The accompanying rumour that the captain of the *Magicienne* had seized Beira in retaliation was not authoritative, and could be very easily explained as a distortion of certain known facts.

But if Captain PIPON had done this we do not know that there could have been much difficulty in defending his

action. Although the Lisbon authorities are not suspected of having directly countenanced any such proceeding as the supposed attack, or as the known violence done to Sir JOHN WILLOUGHBY's party, and earlier to the steamer *Countess of Carnarvon*, they cannot escape the blame of having, while carrying on negotiations, hurried out to the spot not merely munitions of war, but troops, and troops of a kind certain to give trouble. Nor if their conduct had been entirely irreproachable could they have cleared themselves from responsibility for the acts of their local officials. These have been for a long time past, we do not say unfriendly—it would be absurd to expect friendliness in the circumstances, which are undoubtedly trying to Portuguese pride—but grossly violent and indecent. The temporary success and the comparative immunity of Major SERPA PINTO's original filibustering on the Shire seem to have inspired all the Mozambique Portuguese with the idea that there might be much to gain or hope, and could be little to lose or fear, by resorting to violence. And we doubt very much whether any arrangement made between Lisbon and London will be satisfactory till a pretty sharp lesson has been taught to the governors and Capitan Moors, the majors and lieutenants, on the spot.

Of the arrangement itself, which is in progress, not much has authoritatively leaked out, and it is even said that the precise sop to be offered to Portuguese vanity is optional, and not decided on. We have no objection to some enlargement of the terms of last August—not that the Portuguese deserve it by their conduct, but that, considering the historical antecedents of the matter, it would be a mistake for England to appear grasping. But we hope most devoutly that in any such revision the right of pre-emption on England's part to what is left will be secured. The extension Zambesiwards of the Congo State, or the German Eastern sphere, is not to be thought of. The presence of the envoys of Gungunhama in this country is also a difficulty, for it is clear that the chief of Gazaland has no wish to be *Portugallicized*, and yet we are almost precluded from accepting his alliance or his vassalage.

There is, however, no reason why a good way should not be found out of these difficulties, and others, if only one fatal error is not committed. It is a peculiarly English fault to be weary of well-doing—satiated with success. We are smarting at this very moment from the effects of one of these accessions of indolent relinquishment at the Treaty of Utrecht; and, but for others, Cuba, the Philippines, Java, the French Antilles, the Ionian Islands, and half a dozen others of the most valuable places in the world would be ours. They take us in peace as well as in war, and one never quite knows when one will come on. Only a little resistance to them is wanted to complete and secure the recent delimitation of British Africa (not, we may observe, in the Zambesi region only) as satisfactorily as possible. But those who have watched English history and English ways will be glad when the possibility of such a fit doing harm is past.

#### THE RAPE OF THE BLACK POODLE.

SOME nine years ago the author who writes under the name of F. ANSTAY published a story called *The Black Poodle*. It added to the gaiety of the nations, for it was translated, and published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1883, with all due acknowledgments. A few weeks ago the author, in a Parisian book-shop, found a tiny volume, styled *Le Caniche Noir*, dedicated "by the 'author' to a lady of rank. Mr. ANSTAY naturally bought the book, and lo! there was his own black poodle wagging a friendly tail. The scene was changed from England to France; the poodle's master was now an Italian, not a Frenchman. There were other variations on the theme, but the poodle was Mr. ANSTAY's old poodle; his adventure was the same.

Mr. ANSTAY then wrote a letter, in French, to the French author, signing not with his "pen-name," but with his patronymic. He congratulated Monsieur X. on his *originalité vraiment extraordinaire*. He asked permission to render *Le Caniche Noir* into English, assuring him that he felt capable of making this translation in a sympathetic manner. The French author answered, in English, and with modesty, that he did not think his book deserved the praises liberally heaped on it by Mr. ANSTAY. "About your demand of adaptation, I am sorry to tell you that I am my own translator, and that the *Caniche Noir* exists in English already."

Mr. ANSTAY was not unaware of that fact, but he did not know that he was Monsieur X. Yet he must be, apparently, unless there are two versions of *The Black Poodle* in English—one Mr. ANSTAY's, of 1882, and one rendered by Monsieur X., in 1891, from his own original work. Research has not yet discovered the English version by Monsieur X. The French gentleman then mentioned another work of his own which, "perhaps, would do in English. That book has not been translated yet." We wonder, by the way, whether Monsieur X.'s *Le Royaume de Saba, Roman fantastique*, would not deserve to be translated by the author of *King Solomon's Mines*, and whether *L'Adai l'Eternelle*—"to appear presently"—may not bear a faint resemblance to *Ayesha l'Eternelle*.

These are suggestions naturally prompted by this curious affair of *The Black Poodle*. Mr. ANSTAY replied, making no apologies for writing in English, "with which I find (as, indeed, I had already expected) that you are perfectly familiar." He confessed that his admiration of the *Caniche Noir* remained "absolutely unaltered." "I am not altogether surprised to hear that you are your own translator, nor even that the *Caniche Noir* exists in English already. The coincidences between your *Caniche Noir* and my own *Black Poodle* are really so curiously close that, if it were not for the fact that my animal has slightly the advantage in years, I should feel drawn to conclusions the reverse of flattering to such originality as I had hoped I possessed." This note Mr. ANSTAY signed with both his patronymic and his "name of war," and now the students of literary coincidences have a pretty problem before them.

We are inclined to believe in a theory of telepathy. Mr. ANSTAY's story has been telepathetically borne in upon the French gentleman:—

Was there some faint, impenetrable essence  
Wafted towards him, sleeping as he lay?  
Did some pale ghost of the Poodle seek his presence?  
Or did it happen in some other way?

—if we may parody a charming poem. Or had Monsieur X. heard the tale as an anecdote in conversation, as has chanced before now; and has he worked it up in his *Caniche Noir*? But, then, where is his English translation of the legend?

#### LAMPS.

THE verdict of the coroner's jury on the cause of the death of Lord ROMILLY and his servant was what it was bound to be—one of accidental death. The questions whether the accident was not caused by want of nerve, and whether the fatal consequences were not at least largely due to want of judgment, were not before the jury. Neither need they be discussed here. The circumstances of the upsetting of the lamp neither are, nor ever will be, known. It may be added that few men or women who have been entangled in such an accident as this was can be trusted to repeat with accuracy what they did themselves, and the order in which it was done. Still less can they be relied on to say with accuracy what other people were doing. It is much easier to say that nerve and resource should be shown, than to know, when the work has to be done, what to do first. The conditions in such disasters so commonly are that there is not time to do the right thing, or that the materials with which to do it are not at hand. In London houses, which are full of inflammable material, such as curtains and dry ornaments of one kind or another, and which, moreover, have a draught right up them, time very commonly is wanting. No doubt it is an excellent rule in such cases that the first step to be taken is to alarm everybody in the house, and get them where they can escape in case of need. But then the natural instinct of man is to think of the fire first, and to keep on endeavouring to stop it till it is too late.

Perhaps the only really useful observation to be made after such an accident as this is, that people who use lamps should be careful how they carry them and where they put them. Some lamps are more dangerous than others; but all are dangerous if badly handled, and the worst can do no harm if used with care. Various ingenious mechanical devices have been imagined to make it sure that a lamp which is upset will be extinguished by the fall. The inventions, however, like all self-acting machinery, are exasperatingly apt to fail when they have been in use for a time and the various parts are a little worn. It is no doubt a sound



rule that a metal reservoir is safer than a glass one; but Lord ROMILLY's lamp had a metal reservoir, and yet it caused the fire. Again, refined oil is safer than unrefined. But Lord ROMILLY used the best oil, and yet the accident happened. Care, and care only, will prevent such disasters as this. If people are going to use a lamp at all, they should be careful how they carry it, where they put it, and what they do near it. As a matter of fact, people do not show this care. The manner in which servants, and their employers too, will swing a lamp about, and the recklessness they will show in putting it in unsafe places, can only be compared to the rashness of a civilian in handling gunpowder. It is not at all uncommon, but the reverse, to see a petroleum lamp standing on one of the detestable gimcrack three-legged tables which some people affect in these times, and that in a room through which, and about which, numbers of people are moving. Half a dozen very conceivable accidents may send it on to the floor, and then the room is in a blaze in a minute. A heavy lamp foot is no doubt a security, but even that is no use when the lamp itself is on the edge of the table within easy reach of the back of a chair. Absolute safety can never be got when artificial light has to be used. Even candles, which are not only the coolest and softest, but by far the safest of all lights, can be so used as to set the house on fire. As for gas, the list of fires it has caused is long indeed. The rules for the use of a lamp are these—let it have a heavy foot, and let it stand on a solid table, and do not put it too near the edge, and when you have to turn it up or down, stand and do not stretch up from your chair. If those rules were universally observed, there would be few such accidents as that which has just caused the death of Lord ROMILLY and his servant—or the other which a few years ago very nearly ended in the burning down of Hampton Court.

#### AN ARCHBISHOP'S "APOLOGIA PRO MORÂ SUÂ"

THE dialectical dexterity for which the Roman ecclesiastic is supposed to be distinguished, is certainly not conspicuous in Archbishop WALSH's apology for the inaction of the Irish Catholic Episcopate for more than a fortnight after Mr. PARNELL's exposure in the Divorce Court. To begin with, the Archbishop makes the dangerous mistake—a dangerous one sometimes even in a Court of law, and pre-eminently and always so in a Court of conscience—of pleading too many defences; though to be sure he might possibly parry this criticism by pointing out, what is undoubtedly the fact, that at least four out of these six pleas are mere restatements of the same thing, and that the others are so complementary and necessary to each other that in effect they make up only one plea between them.

Dr. WALSH's first reason for maintaining so long a silence on the moral question involved in Mr. PARNELL's case was that the presentation of that case was "in fact" "one-sided, and that judgment had been" mysteriously and unaccountably "allowed to go by default." This, of course, is hardly a proof of innocence, and indeed, unless it can be specially accounted for otherwise, is a proof of guilt; so that the ARCHBISHOP's first plea requires to be helped out by his second, which contends in substance that, inasmuch as Mr. PARNELL has before this allowed unfounded accusations against him of a grave character to remain uncontradicted, his treatment of Captain O'SHEA's was not to be regarded as demonstrating that they were founded on fact. For a third plea Archbishop WALSH says that report said that Mr. PARNELL had written to Mr. O'BRIEN to say that "he need have no anxiety about the issue of the case, and that, so far from bringing shame or disaster upon the Irish cause, it would result in a conspicuous triumph over more than one of Mr. PARNELL's political as well as personal foes." And for a fourth plea the ARCHBISHOP says that almost immediately after the granting of the decree it became known to him and many others that a certain Parliamentary follower of Mr. PARNELL's, who was a near relative of a close friend of Mr. PARNELL, distinctly stated he had received from Mr. PARNELL a letter assuring him that "he need have no misgiving as to the ultimate issue of the suit." And, for a fifth plea, the ARCHBISHOP says that the *Freeman's Journal* had said the same thing, and had said it in such a way as to impress "many Irishmen" with the conviction that it was said on the personal authority of Mr. PARNELL him-

self. And, for a sixth plea, Archbishop WALSH says that Mr. DAVITT told him that Mr. PARNELL told him that he (Mr. PARNELL) would "come through the case without a stain upon his honour."

It is difficult to believe that these last four substantially identical excuses for the behaviour of the right reverend prelate and his episcopal colleagues can have been seriously urged. Really, one might almost as well contend that the fact of a prisoner's having pleaded not guilty is in itself a valid reason for questioning the verdict of the jury by whom he has been convicted, and such a contention is all the more monstrous in the present case because it is coupled in the first and second plea with another argument to a directly contrary effect. Mr. PARNELL's speech and his silence appear to impress the ARCHBISHOP in his favour. Dr. WALSH was at one moment inclined to believe him innocent because he had so often and so stoutly denied his guilt, and the next moment he found himself doubting whether he could be really guilty because it was "so like him" to neglect the effective vindication of his innocence. Moreover, the ARCHBISHOP, whose letter to the *Times* was avowedly called forth by that of another correspondent of the same journal, entirely misses the point of that writer's reminder that the Irish Bishops made no protest against the resolutions of the Leinster Hall meeting. There was no doubting of Mr. PARNELL's guilt among the supporters of these resolutions. On the contrary, they fully recognized it, and denounced the hypocrisy of the English Nonconformist conscience in professing to be shocked at it. Yet then, and for days afterwards, the Irish Bishops, though knowing full well that Mr. PARNELL's followers utterly declined to recognize the "moral bearing" of the leadership question, which Archbishop WALSH now makes so much of, remained as mute as mice. The Archbishop objects to it being said, even if the Irish prelates were remiss in pronouncing condemnation of Mr. PARNELL, that they are "out of court." Surely, he says, "a delay in the discharge of a duty such as there is question of here does not put an end to the duty itself, or free those upon whom that duty lies under from the obligation of discharging it." Again the ARCHBISHOP misses his opponent's point, which is not that delay to discharge a duty absolves, or can absolve, its obligation, but that it destroys, or may destroy, all the merit of discharging it—may, indeed, raise the presumption that it was discharged under the suasion of self-interest or the compulsion of necessity, and from no ethical motive whatever. And this, to use a familiar phrase, is just "what is the matter" with the episcopal mode of exercising a moral censorship over Irish politicians. They were so slow in considering their judgment, and such important events took place while they were considering it, that now a suspicious world will never be persuaded to believe that it was at last pronounced on any moral grounds at all. It may be a mere unlucky coincidence that in the very middle of their deliberations the cat should have jumped; but still it did jump during that period, and people will draw their own inferences from that.

#### TURPIN'S ACID.

THE appeal (*The Truth about Melineite*, BRAINE LE COMTE, LELONG) made by M. TURPIN to the British nation, which he is good enough to allow "has great and noble instincts, an ardent love of liberty, justice, and fair play," is a treatise only to be commented upon with extreme caution. It contains a story which might well supply matter for a round half-dozen actions for libel. In fact, M. TURPIN has already been threatened with an action. The judicious journalist will, therefore, show his share of the British nation's love of justice and fair play by reserving comment on a matter which is, or may be, before the Courts. He will also show his good sense by reticence. M. TURPIN may be assured that we entertain no prejudice against his name; but, on the whole, we would prefer not to make up our minds till we have heard the other side. M. TURPIN accuses a very great English firm of all the wickedness which a capitalist can display towards the harmless and confiding inventor. Well, all capitalists are not always guilty of all they are accused of. It has happened to inventors to be unreasonable. This stamp of ingenious person is a little subject to an infirmity which has been noted to be common with commentators. He has a way of thinking that no man is to touch what he has handled.

We have heard of editors (of classics, not, of course, of newspapers) who never could see another man writing on their favourite author, or authors, without visible overflowings of bile. If the wretched intruder agrees with them, he is a plagiarist; if he disagrees, he is a fool. In either case he is to be made an example. Even so, there are inventors who, when they have done something with, say, picric acid, can never be persuaded that they have not a right to keep that acid entirely to themselves. As the world can never be got to allow them to set up any such sphere of influence, they commence men with a grievance, than whom—So, till we are quite sure that M. TURPIN is not a commentator, we shall, thanking him the while for his courtesy, abstain from believing that his brains have been picked by a distinguished firm which shall be nameless.

M. TURPIN'S adventures in France are safe matters of comment. There, also, he has stated a case which we take to be identical in substance with his appeal to the great British nation. He claims to have invented "mélinite," an explosive based on picric acid, and to have offered to sell it to the French War Office. The War Office paid him for the use of his experiments, but would not buy the invention outright. It preferred to make something of its own with M. TURPIN'S invention. Then he, after sighing a little at the ingratitude of his country, and also after a certain struggle with his delicacy, came over to England and endeavoured to sell his invention. Being alone in a foreign land, he engaged a M. TRIPONÉ, "agent en métallurgie," and captain of artillery in the territorial army, to act as his "friend." Then, says M. TURPIN, M. TRIPONÉ, acting as go-between, obtained for an English firm the specifications of all those things which the French War Office had done with his—M. TURPIN'S—invention, from corrupt officials. In this way was France betrayed, and an innocent chemist robbed of the just reward of his studious vigils. One can see from here the rumpus which a "revelation" of this character was likely to create in Paris. Accusations of tripotage and treason are habitually swallowed whole in that intellectual city. Of course, half a dozen papers started off in full cry for the French, who, as they are the most vain, are the least proud people, in the world and are naturally disposed at all times to believe any baseness of their rulers. The rational course would have been to leave the talkers to talk, and the aggrieved persons to bring actions against M. TURPIN. Whoever supposes that a French Government could have taken this rational course does not know the "névrosité" of modern French politicians. MM. TURPIN and TRIPONÉ were both packed off to prison at once and the book suppressed. Thereupon the world said, and not so absurdly, there must be something in it. But next day M. DE FREYCINET went into the Tribune, and there explained that there was nothing in it. M. TURPIN had been paid 250,000 francs (a not despicable sum of money) for the use of his experiments; but it had not been thought necessary to give him the millions he claimed for the exclusive right to use his invention. As for the charges brought against the War Office officials, there was not a jot of evidence for them, and the Government did not believe a word of M. TURPIN'S rigmorole. Since M. DE FREYCINET spoke, M. TRIPONÉ has been released, as was only reasonable, since the Government did not believe in the charge. But then comes the question, Why was he ever put into prison? Why, too, is M. TURPIN in gaol—not at the suit of a private person for libel, but by act of the Government? Every man who brings an unfounded charge is not imprisoned at once in France by administrative order. There is no charge of treason against M. TURPIN, who is not a Government official, and who, moreover, had M. DE FREYCINET'S leave to sell his invention abroad, provided he confined himself to the English market. We incline to agree with the more sober part of the French press that the explanation is to be found in the nervous anxiety of governing persons nowadays to do something where it would be so much wiser to do nothing.

#### COMEDY INSTEAD OF DRAMA.

INTERESTED strangers who came down to the House of Commons on Thursday to witness the imposing spectacle of the Newfoundland delegates being heard at the bar of the House were, likely enough, dissatisfied with the substituted entertainment which was provided for them. We are not saying that they had no cause of complaint, or

that the management might not have contrived to give them timely notice of the "change of programme." Seeing, however, that the management failed for some reason or other—as inscrutable as much else in their present doings—to give such notice, even to the prompter himself (if Mr. STAVELEY HILL will excuse a comparison which is not at all disrespectfully meant), the grievance of the audience can hardly be taken into account. When they recollect that the hon. member in question was allowed to rise at half-past three, and solemnly move that the delegates should be heard at the bar, and that the SPEAKER was permitted to inform the House in due course that "the Ayes had it," whereas, in truth and in fact, there were no delegates desiring to be heard, and nothing to be done by anybody except the Minister who was going to rise in another hour and read a correspondence informing the House that the whole difficulty was settled; when, we say, the disappointed strangers in the gallery recollect all this, they will see that it would be absurd on their part to complain, and that, as there was no question of "having their money returned at the doors," they ought to have sat out the substituted performance in a contented, if not grateful, mood.

Most likely, as we have said, they failed to appreciate it. The kind of public which comes prepared to assist at picturesque historical drama is apt to be inappreciative of the merits of a comedy of intrigue and manners. Yet comedy it was, and of the very finest kind, with Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT in the leading part—an entertainment which the trained connoisseur in such matters would in no wise have exchanged for the idle pleasure of once mere seeing that mysterious "bar," which the late Mr. BRADLAUGH alone, for many years past, has succeeded in luring from its retirement in the neighbourhood of the SERJEANT'S chair. The whole situation was admirably calculated to call forth Sir WILLIAM'S powers. It had ceased to be serious with the capitulation of the delegates—of whom, since they have yielded in time, and no doubt at some personal sacrifice of their feelings, we will, to avoid the otherwise inevitable condemnation of their recent attitude and tactics, refrain from saying anything; and, in an assembly in which both parties were equally alive to the international duty of observing treaty obligations, and to the Imperial duty of dealing as considerately with colonies as is consistent with the observance of such obligations, there would have been absolutely nothing to do but to record and ratify the compromise between the Government and the Newfoundland delegates. To pass an Act to operate for two years and a half—or three fishing seasons—is not what they agreed to do; but it is enough for practical purposes, and was properly accepted by Ministers. Being a fair and even an indulgent arrangement so far as Newfoundland was concerned, it, of course, afforded the member for Derby the best possible opportunity for exhibiting his inimitable burlesque of the "high Imperialist" statesman, full of Roman pride in the mother country, and of manly tenderness for the smallest and weakest of her children. It was an unequalled performance, as delightful in the dramatic sense as are, in the literary order, those admirable "skits" on Jingoism which are now appearing about every other morning in the *Daily News*. Both artists, of the voice and of the pen, understand their business as caricaturists perfectly. They play with perfect seriousness up to a certain point; yet never fail, at the right moment, to throw in that exquisite touch of exaggeration which tells you that the player or the writer is not in earnest. Still, we think Sir WILLIAM the better performer of the two.

#### WOMEN ON COUNTY COUNCILS.

THE debate on Mr. STUART'S motion of last Tuesday was an absurd waste of time; but it ended in a sensible vote, and it was, to some extent, redeemed by the sight of Mr. LABOUCHERE swearing by the wisdom of the ancients. The minority which voted that women should be made eligible for the County Council may be taken to have polled its full strength, which is, therefore, exactly 52. The proposition which these 52 came to back up by their votes—for, as to speaking, they were represented by their foreman—is one which it is simply irritating to hear advanced at this time of day and at this period in the Session. The House deliberately did not vote that women should be eligible for the County Council in the English Local Govern-



ment Bill, and it expressly excluded them in the Scotch. The question has, therefore, been argued out as far as this Parliament is concerned. Considerations of this kind have probably no weight with Mr. STUART; but they would sufficiently explain why only one speech was made against the motion—if it had been, as Mr. McLAREN complained, the case that only one speech was made. But a perusal of the reports in the papers will show that, as a matter of fact, only one speech was made for the motion and several were made against it. Mr. McLAREN himself did nothing to redress the balance by producing arguments in support of Mr. STUART, by way of setting an example to the members whom he accused of failing to produce arguments against him. Confident assertions that a thing should be done, and that a day will come, are not arguments, though, by the style of his Parliamentary eloquence, Mr. McLAREN seems to think so.

Although it was hardly necessary to produce them, several arguments were used by the speakers in the majority. There was Mr. LABOUCHERE, for example, who triumphantly pointed out that the wisdom of our fathers has always refused to submit to the monstrous regiment of women. This, seeing that politics is an experimental science, is an excellent argument, however foreign it may appear from the mouth of the member for Northampton. Then Mr. CREMER (for wisdom dropped all through the debate from unexpected quarters) used some quite effective arguments, and fired them right into the speeches of Mr. STUART and his seconder, Sir R. TEMPLE. The Professor had made much of the alleged fitness of women for the work of the Council in the superintendence of pauper lunatics. He did not explain what there was they could do which would not be more properly done by paid inspectors. What else there was, except one piece of work which was voluntary and has been pronounced *ultra vires*, which has been done by Councillors, and might have been more fitly discharged by women, he did not say. Sir R. TEMPLE made much of the assistance given by ladies to the School Board. To this Mr. CREMER made the effective reply that other members of the Board, not less zealously the friends of education than Sir R. TEMPLE, prayed morning and evening that the LORD would deliver them from Sir HARRY VANES in petticoats. It requires, indeed, no small share of a quality which, being polite, we shall call courage, to bring up the administrative and financial work of the School Board as supplying any reason why women should make good County Councillors. The argument from that analogy is quite enough to settle the plaintiffs' case by itself. This answer is even more effective than the other—that there is no analogy between the School Board and the County Council. The Board has not been so successful in its administrative and financial work as to afford any reason for entrusting the incomparably wider and more complicated business entrusted to the County Council to a body formed in the same way. The complaint that they are not favoured with an ample supply of arguments against their demand is, withal, more than a little absurd on the part of Mr. STUART and his supporters. They not only have produced no arguments themselves, but they have not even shown that there is anywhere a demand for a revision of the decision tacitly made when the English Local Government Bill was passed, and made most explicitly in the Scotch Bill. As Mr. RITCHIE told these gentlemen, it is for them to show why the twice-repeated judgment of the House is to be repealed. It is not the business of the majority to repeat its reasons over and over again at every frivolous demand. No women were elected to the County Council outside of London, and there is not an iota of evidence to prove that even in London the agitation for a removal of the so-called disabilities of women is more than the fad of a trumpety minority. While that continues to be the case, it is mere impertinence to insist on the rehearsal, at every moment, of all the well-known and unanswered reasons against a departure from the uniform practice of the world, which has excluded women from political and semi-political administrative work.

#### THE DERBY.

IT is probable that the lesson which backers of Surefoot received last year, after laying more than 2 to 1 on him for the Derby, had the effect of making plungers a little cautious in their dealings with Common on the present occasion. Surefoot had won

the Two Thousand by a length and a half; Common won it by more, yet only 11 to 10 were laid on Common at the start for the Derby, whereas 2½ to 1 had been laid upon Surefoot. We are fully aware that other factors tended to weaken the favouritism of Common; nevertheless we suspect that the recollection of the Surefoot fiasco had something to do with the matter. During the ten years preceding the Derby of Wednesday last, that race had been won by the first favourite on four occasions; the winners of the Two Thousand had started for it eight times, and, of these, three had been successful. With such a favourite as Common, the late Derby appeared, at first sight, what is vulgarly called a "one-horse race"; but that it was no foregone conclusion was demonstrated by the London betting on Monday last, when ten horses were backed at odds varying from 28 to 1 downwards. On the Monday before the Derby, last year, only three horses were backed within the same margin, and in the two previous years seven and four were the corresponding numbers.

The heavy storm of hail and rain, in which the Derby was run, made it difficult to observe the details of the race; but, as a matter of fact, few of those who see a Derby under the best of circumstances know very much about it until they have read their newspapers on the following morning. It is said that Dorcas made the running to the mile post, where Gouverneur took the lead. In going round Tattenham Corner, Common, who had held a good place from the start, took up his position next to Gouverneur and, a quarter of a mile from home, passed him. He never had to be pressed in order to win, and he passed the post two lengths in front of Gouverneur. At a distance of several lengths came Martenburst, Cuttlestone, and The Deemster in a cluster, separated only by heads. Gouverneur's form on this occasion was very different from that which he had shown for the Two Thousand. Old Boots, who, by the way, had bolted before the race, as he had done a few days earlier at Manchester, and Dorcas ran well for a mile and a quarter. Orion lasted a little longer. This was the first Derby victory of the jockey George Barrett; but Sir Frederick Johnstone and Lord Alington had won the Derby in 1883 with St. Blaise, and John Porter had trained the winners of five previous Derbies. Common is the thirteenth winner of the Two Thousand that has won the Derby, and it is stated that he is the seventh Derby winner on whom odds have been laid at the start. It is the general opinion that the race has been won this year by a great horse; the rest of the field are considered a trifle below the average.

It would be difficult to estimate the difference in the relative form of certain horses when running in very dry and in very wet weather. Unquestionably, in some cases, it is very great indeed, especially in the Derby, where the traffic on the course itself, from about the distance to the winning-post, is enormous; and if ever public form seemed in danger of being upset in a Derby by weather, it was on Wednesday last. One wet Derby is a terrible evil; but two such drenching Derby days in succession as those which we have had in 1890 and in 1891 would almost justify a national mourning. So heavy was the rain and so clinging was the mud, that all the jockeys drew at least 2 lbs. overweight after the great race this year.

Common's victory is a triumph for that Birdcatcher on Touchstone strain which carried all before it until the Galopins and St. Simons appeared upon the scene. His sire, Isonomy, was inbred to Birdcatcher, with a dash of Touchstone blood, and his dam was by a Touchstone horse. Scottish Chief mares have been remarkably successful at the stud, and Thistle, the dam of Common, is a daughter of that sire; yet this old mare, although mated with some of the most celebrated stallions, was more or less of a failure until she bred Common. Fortunately the winner and every other horse that ran in the Derby, except Martenburst and FitzSimon, is entered for the St. Leger, and Common is also engaged for the Grand Prix de Paris and the Eclipse Stakes.

The field of eleven horses which ran on Wednesday last was small in comparison with those of many Derbies of past years, the largest of which was that of 1862, when thirty-four horses started for the Derby won by Caractacus, yet it is needless to say that numerical strength by no means ensures an interesting race. One thing, however, seems evident, and this is that the new conditions under which the stakes have been made for the two last Derbies have had no effect upon either the size of the fields or the interest of the race. The victory of a strong favourite is usually disastrous to professional bookmakers; but it should be remembered that a month before the race Common stood at 9 to 1, and that three weeks earlier 50 to 1 was laid against him. Bookmakers, therefore, who began to bet on the race early in the year ought to be considerable winners. Whether there is any truth in a statement which has appeared, to the effect that

20,000*l.* was refused for Common between the Two Thousand and the Derby, we do not know; all that we can say is that we could easily understand that such a sum might be offered as well as refused for him.

#### THE CONYERS SWORD.

THE Newcastle Society of Antiquarians has done good service many times, but in securing a loan of the "Conyers Falchion" it surpassed itself. Few Southerners, at least, were aware that this relic survived the extinction of the Conyers family. In the North antiquarians were better informed. They knew that the sword now belongs to Sir Edward Blackett, collateral representative of the ancient line, who, at the Society's request, has submitted it to examination. Everybody is acquainted, more or less, with the story of the "Sockburn Worm"—it hardly ranks second to that of Lambton. Briefly, the parish of Sockburn was ravaged by a dragon for an indefinite number of years before the Conquest; in 1063, John Conyers sought and killed it at Graystones. The legend as recited by the late Sir Edward Blackett, in a memorandum attached to the sword hilt, does not quite agree with the accepted version. It represents "Sir" John Conyers slaying the Worm with this identical weapon, and it oddly states that "the owner of Sockburn" gave him the manor "on condition of meeting the Bishop of Durham with this falchion on his first entrance into the diocese after appointment." Not every gentleman has his Longstaffe handy for reference, but we venture to assert that it was Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, who conferred the manor of Sockburn on John Conyers. The condition of tenure was, that he and his heirs for ever should meet each new Bishop at Neasham Ford, and present a sword to his lordship. Now, Ralph Flambard entered his diocese in 1099, thirty-six years after the combat at Graystones, and he died in 1133. By the analogy of such cases, it must be supposed that he invested John Conyers with the sword, which, therefore, was not the same that killed the dragon. This matter is by no means unimportant, as will be seen; and if Sir Edward Blackett share his father's error, the rectification will console him.

For this famous relic, like so many more, does not bear scrutiny—upon the supposition, that is, that it was actually the sword used by John Conyers. The experts of the Newcastle Society have taken counsel with Canon Greenwell, and they decide that its date "might be as early as 1180"; it is probably not later than 1200. The incised arms and devices are of a character met with in Norman architecture and MSS. towards the close of the twelfth century. Canon Greenwell's authority is sufficient. Clearly, then, this cannot be an English sword older than the Conquest, unless it were remounted in Norman times. But we never heard the date of Ralph Flambard's grant. If it were made in his later years, 1130 is not so very far from "the close of the last quarter of the twelfth century." Anyhow, the Conyers Falchion proves to be one of the very oldest remaining in England. In thanking Sir Edward Blackett, the Society begged permission to photograph his most interesting heirloom. And we may confidently hope that he will grant it.

In the discussion that followed, the *raison d'être* of dragon legends was sought, of course. It is a theme peculiarly fascinating in the North-country. Of the "Worms" most renowned, two dwelt in Durham, at Sockburn and Lambton, one in Northumberland—that killed by Guy, Earl of Warwick—and one in Roxburghshire. Of the Lambton case it is not worth while to speak, because every one knows it; nor of Guy, Earl of Warwick's, because no one knows anything of it. But the slaying of a dragon by John de Somerville is a repetition of the Conyers story, as circumstantial and as well supported by the evidence of facts. John was son to Roger de Somerville, of Wichnor, in Staffordshire. He took refuge in Scotland, having some difficulties with the law at home, and found a dragon harrying the country-side about Linton, in Roxburghshire. For destroying this monster William the Lion knighted him, made him lord of the manor of Winton, and Hereditary Chief Falconer. The real interest of these tales lies in their date. The time of the Conquest is not fabulous; that of William the Lion we count historical. But John de Somerville's feat is by no means the latest. In 1344, as Thomas Walsingham asserts, a dragon had its headquarters in Bromfield, whence it harassed the Welsh marches. A Moorish doctor in the service of Earl Warren offered to poison it, and succeeded. The feat of Sir John Lambton is a hundred years later still.

We do not observe that the Newcastle Antiquarians found a novel explanation of these curious legends. Mephitic vapours, discovery of fossil Saurians, figurative descriptions of some human tyrant which gradually became accepted as literal—all these

seem to have been mentioned. No one apparently suggested the simple and delightful theory of veritable monsters surviving in those wild and mountainous parts until the fifteenth century. We should all like to accept that if we could. Not only does it commend itself to the fancy; it also gives the readiest and most satisfactory explanation of stories which are certainly puzzling. And a great number of persons among those who have looked into the evidence incline to believe it. Indeed, a majority, among the writers at least, show more or less willingness to admit that the "Worms" were no fiction. They dwell much upon the fact that nearly all of them are accredited to the North-country, which was turned into a desert by William. Thus monstrous creatures might linger there for ages after their extermination in more civilized and populous districts. But this argument overlooks the Roman occupation. In Durham and Northumberland the most of the legions stationed in Britain were posted. The land was no desert then. And if one look abroad for evidence of the same class, this agreeable theory tumbles to pieces. Not in England alone did dragons appear during the dark ages, where the Romans had never found any. They actually swarmed in Provence. The *Trou du Couloubré* is pointed out in a score of places which were highly cultivated and densely peopled while Provence was still Gallia Narbonensis. There is still a fête and procession yearly at Tarascon, and also at Mons, to commemorate the deliverance of the country from a *Couloubré*. Nor are the dates less perplexing than our own. It was in the fourteenth century that Deodato de Gozon killed the dragon in Rhodes. This case might be pronounced incontestable if reason would only allow us to accept the accumulated evidence. Deodato died in 1353, and scores of witnesses testify that the fight was sculptured on his monument, in the church of St. John, until the Turks destroyed it, with the inscription *Draconis Extinctor*. But Rhodes had been occupied, cultivated, a seat of arts and civilization, under Greeks and Romans, for two thousand years at least, before the knights came; and never a dragon was recorded in historic time. We have no theory of our own devising to offer. We venture to think, indeed, that fairy tales of this class do not require an explanation.

#### MONEY MATTERS.

EFFORTS are being made to bring about an arrangement between the leading London joint-stock banks and the Bank of England for the purpose of maintaining rates. The negotiations, it is said, are going on satisfactorily, and we hope that they will be brought to a successful conclusion. The Bank of England is unfortunately no longer in a position to control the money market. It has not the resources at its command, it is now only one of several great banks; and, besides, it does not habitually lend and discount on a scale sufficiently extensive to make its action a determining influence in the market. But the Bank of England still holds the ultimate reserve of the whole country, and every now and then it has to make costly exertions to strengthen that reserve. The other banks defeat its efforts, for they compete actively for bills and force down rates, and thus the market is kept in a state of uncertainty and fluctuation; at one time rates rush up and disorganize business; in a week or two they run down equally rapidly, and equally disappoint merchants and business men generally. If an arrangement can be brought about between the Bank of England and the other principal banks by which the latter bind themselves to support the Bank of England, it is to be hoped that a more satisfactory and a safer system will be established. And never, perhaps, has it been more necessary to protect the reserve than it is at the present time. As has frequently been pointed out in these columns, the Russian Government for a couple of years past has been acquiring a control over the European money markets which has now become a serious danger. It has in the great Continental capitals—in London, Paris, Berlin, and Amsterdam—standing to its credit not very far short of 20 millions sterling; and quite recently it has been calling in those funds, and requiring them to be paid in gold. Within the past two or three months it has taken from Berlin between 2 and 3 millions sterling. On Friday of last week it took from the Messrs. Rothschild a million in gold; next week it is understood that the same great house is to send it an additional half-million; and at the beginning of July it is expected that the Bank of England will have to pay to it 1½ million sterling, which the Bank obtained from it last November. Thus, in the course of a few months London and Berlin will have to pay to the Russian Government 6 millions sterling or thereabouts, and nobody knows whether the Russian demands may not become even larger. Fortunately the American money market has become so easy that the agents of the Russian Government in Europe were able to get in New York the gold that was required.



Since the beginning of the year there has been exported from New York about 10 millions sterling; but it seems clear that very little more can be got. Indeed, the probability is that in a couple of months now the New York banks will be in a position to take gold from Europe instead of sending it. Everything, unhappily, points to an exceedingly deficient harvest in Western Europe, while the American harvest promises to be one of the best that has ever been gathered in. The United States, therefore, will sell to Europe an unusually large quantity of wheat and other grain at high prices, and they will be able, consequently, to demand payment in gold if they require it. Thus we have the prospect, at the present time, of having to send to Russia at least 2 millions sterling in gold, and possibly much more; while a few months hence New York may be drawing upon London for many millions. But the Bank of England is hardly in a position to part with many millions. During the week ended Wednesday night it received from abroad in gold over 2 millions sterling. In the previous week it received in round figures a million sterling. In the fortnight, therefore, it has received somewhat over 3 millions sterling, and it is expected that it will receive at least one million sterling more, and possibly something further. It is in a position, then, safely to supply the Russian demand, provided it can keep for that purpose all the gold now on the way to this country. But if by any accident much gold is taken for any other country our position by-and-by may become serious. Even if the Russian demand is not larger than is now believed, and if the Bank of England is able to retain all the gold coming, we may be in a very critical position in the autumn if the American demand should prove to be very great. Bearing all this in mind, it is clearly incumbent on the Bank of England and the other principal banks to do what they can to strengthen the reserve now, and so place the market in a position that it can pass through the autumn without another crisis. It is to be recollected that there is still much distrust at home, that in both Paris and Berlin there is much banking discredit, that the crisis in Portugal may have a very serious effect both upon Spain and France, and that an accident anywhere may bring about a crisis in Berlin. The great money centres of the world being thus in a critical position, it is of the greatest importance that money disturbances should be prevented, if possible; and they can be prevented only by such judicious and firm action on the part of the Bank of England and the other leading banks as will gradually strengthen the reserve, so as to make it sufficient for the demands that may be made upon it by-and-by.

The efforts of the leading London joint-stock banks to maintain rates have not as yet proved very successful. They do not discount at less than 4½ per cent., yet frequently this week bills have been discounted as low as 3½, and even as 3¼ per cent. The bill-brokers and discount-houses are naturally very much dissatisfied with the action of the leading joint-stock banks, and, unwisely, as we think, are attempting to defeat their object. But the bill-brokers and discount-houses are powerless in the matter, if the leading joint-stock banks persist in their co-operation with the Bank of England. The Bank of England and seven of the greatest joint-stock banks hold nearly one-third of the deposits of the whole United Kingdom, and having command of such immense funds they can, if they please, control the market. For the reasons we have pointed out above, it is much to be hoped that they will persist. Of course, for a little while the competition of foreign banks, and of provincial and Scotch banks, may make it difficult to succeed; but it can be only for a little while. In the long run, institutions which have the command of such immense resources must prevail.

The silver market continues weak and inactive. The price on Wednesday recovered to 44½d. per ounce, but fell again on Thursday to 44¼d. per ounce.

At the end of last week the uneasy feeling which has so long existed in the City abated somewhat. It was hoped that the Bank of England had become so strong that it would be able to avert all difficulties. This week, however, apprehension has revived, chiefly because people think that the Bank of England would not invite the co-operation of the leading joint-stock banks, did not the directors know of some impending troubles not known to the rest of the public. The inference is probably mistaken, as the prospects of the money market are such as fully to account for the anxiety of the directors to keep the Bank strong. At the same time it would be useless to deny that there is so great a lock-up of capital at home and abroad, distrust is so general, and so many financial houses and banks have become discredited, that it is not surprising apprehension should exist.

A signal proof of the change that has come over the spirit of the investing public has been given this week. On Wednesday the Bank of England offered for tender a Queensland loan of 2½ millions sterling, bearing 3½ per cent. interest, the minimum price being

94, and less than 300,000l. was subscribed for. In March of last year a Queensland loan of somewhat over 2½ millions, also bearing 3½ per cent. interest, was offered, the minimum price being 97, and the loan was subscribed for nearly three times over. Although the price was thus 3l. per cent. higher a year ago, the loan, it will be seen, was most successful, while this week not one-eighth of the amount offered was subscribed for. The result is the more surprising, because the loan was brought out by the Bank of England. Of course, the explanation is that too much money has been borrowed during recent years in this market, that there is a great lock-up of capital, that there is much distrust, that people believe prices must fall, and that, with the Bank rate at 5 per cent., a stock paying only about 3½ per cent. was not very inviting. Besides all this, the Colonies have been piling up debt too rapidly, and it was well to remind them that they must not go on any longer. Finally, the syndicates which used to subscribe so largely for Colonial loans have broken down in the crisis.

The fortnightly settlement on the Stock Exchange this week showed that there was a very large account open for the fall in many stocks, especially in Spanish and Portuguese. In consequence the speculators for the fall have been buying back, with the result that there has been considerable recovery both in Spanish and Portuguese. This, of course, is favourable for the settlement at the end of the month which is about to begin in Paris, but it really leaves the market weaker than ever, for now the speculators for the fall cannot be counted upon to buy in case of a fresh break. In spite, however, of the recovery in these stocks, and a few others, markets generally are decidedly weak, speculators are afraid to operate, and the investing public is doing very little. The revival of distrust, the fear that money will be exceedingly dear and scarce for the remainder of the year, and apprehension of what may happen in Paris and Berlin, warn all concerned not to increase their risks. Besides, the situation in the Argentine Republic is growing worse. The premium on gold has now risen to 293 per cent.; that is to say, 100 gold dollars now exchange for 393 paper dollars, or, practically, the paper dollar is worth only one-fourth of the gold dollar. From this it is evident that distrust in Buenos Ayres is greater than ever. The civil war in Chili, too, goes on without any prospect of an early termination. And, in spite of the reassuring statements of the new Portuguese Finance Minister, the crisis in Portugal is likely to grow more serious.

The recovery in inter-Bourse securities during the week has been considerable, chiefly owing, as explained above, to the buying back by speculative sellers. Portuguese bonds, for example, closed on Thursday evening at 43½, a rise of as much as 3 compared with the preceding Thursday evening. Spanish closed at 72½, a rise of 1½. Greek 1884 bonds closed at 86, a rise of 2; and the Monopoly bonds closed at 67, a rise of 1. Russian bonds closed at 97, also a rise of 1 compared with the preceding Thursday evening; and there was likewise a rise of 1 in French Three per Cents, which closed at 92½; and in Rio Tinto shares, which closed at 22½. Brazilian Four and a Half per Cent Bonds closed at 73½, a rise of 1½; and the Four per Cents closed at 68½, a rise of 1. But Chilean fell 1, closing at 80½-82. The reader will note the quotation is widening, indicating a growing unwillingness on the part of dealers to buy the bonds. Owing to the rapid rise in the premium on gold, or, in other words, to the further depreciation of the paper money, Argentine securities have declined considerably during the week. The 1886 Five per Cents closed on Thursday evening at 66½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; and the Four and a Half per Cents closed at 37-38, also a fall of 1. The National Cédulas of the A and B series closed at 18½, a fall of ½; and the E series closed at 16½, a fall of 1½. The Buenos Ayres Provincial Bonds of 1882 closed at 35½-36, a fall of 1½. The Provincial Cédulas of the I series fell 1½, closing at 11½. In the J, K, and P series the fall was 1½, the J series closing at 10, and the K and P at 9. Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Seven per Cent Preference Stock closed at 78-83, a fall of 2 compared with the preceding Thursday. Here again it will be seen that the quotation is very wide, indicating the difficulty of selling any considerable quantity of stock. In American Railroad securities the changes have not been numerous, nor by any means considerable. Union Pacific shares closed on Thursday evening at 47½, a rise of ½ compared with the preceding Thursday; and Atchison shares closed at 32½, a rise of 1. These two are, of course, purely speculative, and not suited for investors. Milwaukee shares, which are not either suited to the investor proper, closed at 65½, a rise of 1½; and Illinois shares closed at 101, a rise of 1. In Home Railway stocks there was a fall in Great Northern Preferred Ordinary of 1, the closing quotation on Thursday being 109. There was also a fall of 1 in South-Western Preferred

Ordinary, the closing quotation being 110½; but Great Eastern rose 1¼, closing on Thursday evening at 93¼; Midland rose 1½, closing on Thursday at 152½; and Great Western rose 1¼, closing on Thursday evening at 155½. With the general decline in Colonials, Indian Sterling stocks have given way; the Three and a Half per Cents closed on Thursday at 105¼, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1¼; and the Three per Cents closed at 95, a fall of 1½. On the other hand, Consols recovered ½, closing on Thursday evening at 95¼.

#### THE WEATHER.

THE ungenial weather which followed after our temporary flicker of summer, of a fortnight ago, still prevails over the whole of Western Europe. Rain has fallen pretty generally, but not in sufficient abundance to make any appreciable difference in the ground-water level over this country, or to influence the springs. Over an inch of rain, however, fell at Lyons on the 21st, and at Berlin next day, and in these islands we have had some falls of over half an inch on some days. It is the temperature which is terribly in defect. In the United Kingdom the thermometer has hardly touched 60° during the week, and we are close to the end of May! The only places in Western Europe where 80° has been recorded during the same interval have been Biarritz on the 20th, and Berlin on the 21st, both readings being 81°. On Thursday, May 21, a large depression, but of slight intensity, lay over the north-west of France, producing with us cold north-easterly winds, tempered, however, by bright sunshine in Scotland and Ireland. On Friday night a cyclonic system from the Atlantic suddenly made its appearance off the north-west coast of Ireland, and brought heavy rain to the southern and western parts of Ireland and the south-west of England. Saturday brought us another change; the Atlantic system was apparently driven back to sea again, and in its stead a shallow depression appeared in the south-west, in front of which very heavy rain fell over the south and east of England. This system advanced to the eastward, and on Monday morning its centre lay off Flamborough Head; while rain was falling in the Midland counties, sufficient to cause slight floods. The depression then moved slowly backwards to the west, and by Tuesday afternoon its centre lay near Liverpool; while the rain area had been transferred to the north of England. London got its heaviest rain on Sunday, when a severe thunderstorm, with hail, occurred. The maximum temperature attained 60° only on one day (Saturday) during the week, and then only at the three stations of Cambridge, Liverpool, and London. At several places it has been below 50° on most days. The minimum temperature has been very low, but not to such a degree as was noticed on Whit Sunday. Several of the northern stations have registered shade minimum temperatures of 33° and 34°, which, of course, imply frost upon the grass. Some idea of the deficiency of rain in some parts of the kingdom may be gathered from the fact that up to the 16th instant the amount accumulated since the beginning of the year was more than six inches below the average quantity for the west of Scotland and the south of Ireland, and the subsequent week, up to the 23rd, has not improved matters very much. We must, however, admit that some progress has been made during the week. The east and south of England have reduced their deficiency of rain by an inch; and the south of Ireland, south-west of England, and Channel Islands have recovered nearly an equal amount.

#### THE PARIS THEATRES.

THERE could be no greater contrast than that which is afforded by the two latest novelties produced at the Odéon and the Théâtre Français. We have already described *Amoureuse* and its ultra *fin de siècle* dialogue, and it now becomes our duty to refer to *Grisélidis*, the most recent production at the Comédie Française. This mystical play is in three acts, with a prologue and an epilogue, and it serves to show Armand Silvestre—one of its authors—in a really serious and poetic light. There are few Parisians who have not laughed at the stories which this author occasionally contributes to the *Gil Blas*, but his earlier achievements in verse were forgotten. The piece was altogether a revelation to the blasé Parisian playgoer, and, although its success may not equal that of its improper rival on the other side of the Seine, it has been unanimously praised by the press and the public. It is Boccaccio's story over again. A grand seigneur marries a wife of humble origin, and leaves her to go to the wars. His

trust in her is so complete that, when it is suggested to him by his chaplain that woman's constancy is not to be depended upon, and that the lady in question may succumb to the wiles of the Devil, he indignantly repudiates the idea, and defies the Devil to do his worst. This vain boast is overheard by Satan, and, as soon as the Marquis has taken his departure, he begins to persecute the faithful wife. There are many occasions when it would appear that Grisélidis must of necessity fall a prey to her tempter, but in the end she overcomes all her trials, and the Marquis returns to find her virtue untarnished; and, as they are kneeling together before the image of St. Agnes, offering thanks for the preservation of Grisélidis, a miracle is performed, and their lost child, Loys, is restored to them.

This is the very simple story which MM. Silvestre and Morand have contrived to render acceptable, and even interesting, to the most critical audience in Europe. It is not, however, in the plot, or even in the construction of the piece, that the authors have gained a well-deserved success. It is rather in their graceful rhymes, and in the poetic fancy displayed in their verse. The best of these lines naturally fall to the share of Grisélidis, who is played by Mlle. Bartet. This lady is a clever and conscientious artist, without tricks or mannerisms, but it is certain that an actress more accustomed to classical tragedy would have done greater justice to the part. Mlle. Bartet, as a rule, plays the heroines of Dumas's dramas. She is a pretty woman, who can impersonate a *femme du monde* better than any actress in Paris. But more than this is wanted for Grisélidis, and Mlle. Bartet is decidedly unequal. She has her good moments during the play, but at times she appears stiff, and almost awkward. Then, too, her diction is monotonous, and, truth to tell, produces an occasional feeling of boredom among the audience. M. Coquelin cadet plays the Devil, and appears to revel in the part.

The other rôles are of secondary importance, the best being Alain, the youth selected by the Devil to tempt Grisélidis from the path of virtue. This is played by M. Albert Lambert, who is an ideal stage lover. Mlle. Ludwig, who appears in the prologue and epilogue, delivers her lines with finished elocution; but Mlle. Lynnès, as Fiamina, the Devil's wife, who is carried off by pirates in the place of Grisélidis, makes little or nothing of her few opportunities. The mounting of the play is beyond all praise. Rarely have scenes so beautiful and so artistically correct been placed before an audience; and the dresses are worthy of the scenery. It is almost a strange sensation to listen to a piece written in the faultless style of *Grisélidis*, and it assuredly comes as a relief after the so-called realistic dialogue with which many authors nowadays disfigure their work. It will be interesting to note what success attends this new departure, and whether the general public will be grateful to MM. Silvestre and Morand for their efforts to elevate the French drama. That it needs elevating there can be no doubt. Otherwise such successes as *Ma Cousine*, *Monsieur Betsy*, and *Amoureuse* would have been impossible.

*La Famille Vénus*, recently produced at the Renaissance, is an opérette-vaudeville, one of those pieces of the type of *Lili* and *La Femme à Papa*, that are fast displacing opéra bouffe. The play in question is no better than most of its class, nor is it worse. One has only to take the jealous young fellow who is about to marry Frisette, the old dotard who is madly in love with her, and whose young wife is the mistress of the artist, and the comic old aunt, who gives it as her opinion that it does not much matter at what time in married life a woman deceives her husband, because she is bound to do so sooner or later. Then put them into the bowl, stir them up with a dressing composed of a dozen double ententes, a pretty valse or two, and a taking chorus, and there you have a salad entirely suited to the French taste.

#### OPERAS AND CONCERTS.

LAST Saturday night Mr. Harris gave a performance of Wagner's *Meistersinger*, a work which has proved more successful in its Italian dress during the last two seasons than even the most sanguine of the Bayreuth composer's admirers could have anticipated. The cast of Saturday's performance was almost the same as that when the work was first heard at the Italian Opera two years ago. Mme. Albani was once more an admirable Eva; M. Jean de Reszke a Walther von Stolzing who has never been surpassed; M. Lasalle, an excellent Hans Sachs, and M. Isnardon, a most humorous Beckmesser. Magdalena and David were again represented by Mlle. Bauermeister and M. Montariol; both are very able performances, though the David would have looked better if he had sacrificed his moustache. The only new member of the cast was M. Dufriche, who made



the most of the small part of Kothner. So much of the effect of Wagner's later works depends upon the proper delivery of the words, that it is almost impossible that much should not be lost in an Italian performance; but until we can hear the *Meistersinger* in the original German, or—what would be even nearer to the composer's intention—in a good English version, the Covent Garden performance is one to be seen with a great deal of satisfaction. From a vocal point of view, especially, it leaves but little to be desired, and it would be hard for the scene between Eva, Sachs, and Walther, in act iii., to be better sung or acted than it is done by Mme. Albani, M. Jean de Reszke, and M. Lasalle. The ensembles, both of the choruses and the solo voices, leave, as they always do, something to be desired; and the orchestra might occasionally be more delicate. In the last scene, the employment of a large extra chorus creates an imposing effect, the entire stage being crowded with the singers, and the tone produced being finer than has been heard in opera for some time—more particularly as the hard *ténor* of the ordinary Italian chorus-singer's voice is conspicuously absent. On Friday night a second performance of Massenet's *Manon* served still further to reveal the merits of M. Van Dyck. He is altogether an admirable artist and a most valuable addition to the company. The work went far more smoothly than on the previous Tuesday, and the charm of M. Massenet's delicate music was more conspicuous, probably because both M. Van Dyck and Miss Sybil Sanderson had become accustomed to the size of the theatre. The American soprano, in particular, seemed more at home, and her voice proved more telling than previously.

The concerts of the last ten days have been as numerous as ever. On Thursday week Mr. Leonard Borwick gave his last recital at St. James's Hall. For some reason, in the earlier part of the programme he seemed nervous and ill at ease; and it was not until the middle of Schumann's "Études Symphoniques" that his playing was at all up to the usual mark. In a group of transcriptions by Liszt, which concluded the programme, his admirable style redeemed the compositions from triviality. It speaks much for Mr. Borwick's talent that, educated as he has been in so different a school, he should be able to play Liszt's music far better than many of the master's pupils.

On the same afternoon as Mr. Borwick's Recital Mr. Lawrence Kellie gave a Vocal Recital at Steinway Hall, the programme of which included no fewer than nine songs of his own composition, as well as others by Miles. Augusta Holmès and Chaminade, Miss M. V. White, A. G. Thomas, H. J. Wood, and Meyerbeer. The concert-giver, who was assisted by Mrs. Trust, Miss Rose Leo, Miss Kuhe, Miss M. V. White, and Messrs. Nojé, Stern, and Beerbohm Tree, evidently gave considerable pleasure to a large audience, in which the female element predominated. Of more artistic value was the concert given the same evening at St. James's Hall by Señor Albeniz, the Spanish pianist, who was heard with Herr Kruse in Rubinstein's early Sonata for Violin and Pianoforte (Op. 13), besides playing in his usual charming style his own Sonata in G flat, Schubert's Impromptu in E flat, Op. 90, No. 2, and Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso, and accompanying Herr Kruse in the violin arrangements of Schumann's "Gartenmelodie," "Am Springbrunnen," and "Abendlied," all of which latter were played with much finish. The vocal numbers at Señor Albeniz's concerts were considerably interfered with by the influenza. Miss Lehmann was originally announced to appear; but, in fact, her place was filled by the engagement of Mlle. Marie de Lido. Unfortunately Mlle. de Lido also could not appear, so the vocal part of the programme was left entirely to Mr. Plunket Greene, who was in excellent voice and sang Handel's "Si tra i ceppi," and the Scotch songs, "Jess Macfarlane" and "The Bonny Banks of Loch Lomond" in admirable style.

On Saturday afternoon Miss Rose Lynton, a young violinist who formerly appeared as a "prodigy," but has since studied for some time in Germany, gave a Violin Recital at Princes' Hall. She led Spohr's String Quartet in E flat, Op. 15, and also played Bach's Chaconne and solos by Ernst, Joachim, Polonaski, Paganini, Wilhelmj, and Zarzycki, in all of which her careful and finished style created a favourable impression. The vocalist was Mme. Adeline Paget, who sang, among other songs, Mlle. Chaminade's graceful "L'Été." The first of a series of three matinées, given by Herr Poznanski and Miss Eva Lonsdale, took place at Steinway Hall on Monday afternoon. Although announced as "historical," the educational value of the performances promises to be but slight, for the programmes of the three concerts only contain familiar works by Schumann, Rubinstein, Grieg, Brahms, and Beethoven, and the remarks of Herr Poznanski, which preceded each performance on Monday, were delivered so indistinctly as to be almost inaudible. The violinist showed that he is an able executant; but the piano

performances were deficient in many respects. The resumption of the Richter Concerts is always a welcome feature in the musical season. This year they have begun later than usual; but the audience which assembled last Monday in St. James's Hall showed no signs of diminution, and greeted Dr. Richter warmly when he appeared at the conductor's desk. The programme was devoid of novelties, consisting only of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, Bach's Third Concerto, and Wagner's *Meistersinger* and *Parsifal* Preludes, and "Ritt der Walküren." The performances of all these works are so familiar, that comment upon them is unnecessary. In nearly every respect the orchestra proved worthy of its reputation, and Dr. Richter once more showed his wonderful power of conducting. The Bach Concerto, which was the least-known number of the programme, is a Pasticcio, consisting of the two numbers of the original work, written for nine stringed instruments, with a bass for the "Cembalo," between which is inserted an Adagio from a violin Sonata, the five-part accompaniment to which is by Herr Josef Hellmesberger. In an arrangement such as this, success in a measure justifies the experiment. The effect is certainly excellent; though, as Bach has left so many other orchestral works which can be played in their original form, it might have been better to have performed one of these rather than what is, after all, partly a sham antique.

On Wednesday afternoon Mr. Edgar Haddock, the Yorkshire violinist, gave his second concert, the most satisfactory feature of which was Mlle. Jeanne Douste's charming playing of transcriptions from Bach and Boccherini, and short solos by Mendelssohn and Stojowski. Mlle. Douste also joined Mr. Haddock in Sonatas by Bach and Dvořák and in Kiel's "Deutsche Reigen," but all these would have been better for more rehearsal. Songs by Handel, Haydn, and Schubert were contributed by Miss Frances Hipwell, a contralto whose low notes are especially good, though her singing would be improved by further study. On Wednesday evening that enterprising body, the Westminster Orchestral Society, gave a concert at the Westminster Town Hall. The programme included two novelties—namely, a Festival Overture from the pen of Mr. C. S. Macpherson, the Society's conductor, a well-written but rather diffuse work, which was almost beyond the capacity of the band; and a Suite de Ballet, by Mr. Ebenezer Prout. It was well played by the orchestra, under the composer's conductorship. The programme also included Beethoven's Concerto in C minor, Op. 37, the solo part of which was excellently played by Mr. Alfred Hollins, the blind pianist. The vocalists were Miss Gomez and Mr. Gritton, the latter of whom replaced Mr. David Hughes, who was prevented from singing by an attack of influenza.

#### LANDSCAPE AT THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

THERE is no special distribution of landscape at the Royal Academy this year, and we may therefore recommend a consecutive inspection of the walls, confining ourselves to such examples of this class of work as seem worthy of special attention. In the first two rooms we meet with little that need detain us. "Early Summer" (15), by Mr. H. B. W. Davis, and "May" (81), by Mr. Ernest Waterlow, are agreeable cabinet pieces, but we shall reach more important examples of these painters. "Hit but not bagged" (33) is one of those scenes of Cornish coast in which Mr. Hook displays his perennial freshness, as clear and natural now as he was forty years ago; the title of this picture is suggested by a sportsman, who leans over the sheer cliff to see what the result has been of his shot. Mr. Alfred East, whose "Reedy Mere and Sunlit Hills" (142) is nevertheless one of the most interesting landscapes of the year, has perhaps been better inspired elsewhere. There are charming bits in this picture—the red light striking the boles of the Scotch firs, the wild swans flying into the rich blue distance, the feathery veil of reeds—but the general effect is a little over-composed, and there is no truth in that range of uniform and impossible snow-peaks. Mr. East is one of our few intellectual landscape-painters, but he must beware of the smell of the lamp. Mr. Boughton's "Winter Nightfall in the Marshes" (152) has great merits; the ice is admirably painted.

In the Large Room are many landscapes and some very bad ones. We will leave the latter to the conscience of their authors, and mention only those which can be commended. Mr. Henry Moore, whose influence, by the way, is curiously manifest this year in the Paris Salons, has tried a new effect in his large sea-piece (192), where "The Setting Sun now gilds the Eastern Sky" and turns the tops of the waves far out to sea deep violet as well. Mr. David Murray, the new A.R.A., needs some one to advise him to temper his zeal with discretion. He exhibits not

fewer than seven pictures at the two principal exhibitions this year, and while three or four of these, as we shall see, are admirable, the remainder add nothing to his reputation. "The Bridge" (210), in particular, should have been kept at home. An original landscape, well painted, is Mr. Arnold Priestman's large "Lake Lothing" (213), a narrow strip of East Anglian flatness between one expanse of sky and another of "broad." Mr. Yeend King does very well this year; his "In a Derbyshire Dale" (227), hung too high, is an excellent composition of white cliff, meandering stream, and distant hamlet. Sir John Millais's "Lingering Autumn" (293), a child crossing water-meadows which are surrounded by russet copse-wood, is painted with almost pre-Raphaelite care, and has much of the artist's old charm. We must only indicate in passing Mr. Davis's "Gleaning Day, Picardy" (288), with its fine group of white horses; Mr. Joseph Milne's "September Morn" (277); Mr. Hook's "Summer Pleasures" (299); and, hung exactly above this last, Mr. Fred Cotman's "Exeter" (300).

Little need detain us in Gallery IV. The place of honour is given to a large "Evening" (351), by Mr. Peter Graham, Highland cattle crossing a stream, under a clear sky which contains a few sunset-coloured clouds. This a creditable performance, in Mr. Graham's habitual manner, not without merit, of course, but oily, and smacking of the chromolithograph. In Gallery V. we come upon Mr. Wyllie's "Spithead" (407), the Emperor of Germany inspecting the *Teutonic*, the orange-pink hull of which vessel forms an agreeable bar of colour. Perhaps the best of Mr. Brett's four mannered contributions to the Royal Academy this year is "Gull Island" (424). The "Trafalgar" (431) of Mr. W. Wyllie is interesting, but a little too much like a coloured seventeenth-century print of a sea-fight, faintly conventional. Another landscape which may be pointed out in this room is Mr. Charles Davis's "The Passing Day" (466).

On the left hand, as we enter Gallery VI., we observe two excellent landscapes, Mr. Robert Noble's simple study of a cornfield on a brown hill-side at "East Linton" (498), and one of Mr. Peppercorn's composed nocturnes, in the manner of the French romanticists, called "Evening" (499). The place of honour is given in this room to a huge piece of scene-painting, called "The Isles of Loch Lomond" (515), by Mr. Goodall; it is difficult to see how this subject could be treated more pretentiously, more rapidly, or with a more complete disdain of nature. Among the best of Mr. David Murray's contributions is his ample canvas called "Gorse" (519); nothing could be quieter or less imposing than this study of a broad green pathway between golden masses of furze, under a sky livid with threatening rain. The whole canvas is charged with atmosphere, and the delicate truth of the tone is beyond criticism. Two Venetian pictures arrest us in our progress—Mr. Bryan Hook paints Venice, rather conventionally, "From the Lido" (530), but puts some admirably drawn gulls in the foreground; Miss Clara Montalba presents us with a "Royal Escort, Venice, 1889" (543), in a blaze of scarlet and suffused yellow light. Mr. David Murray receives from Mr. J. Clayton Adams the sincerest form of flattery in the "Field Flowers" (564) of the latter.

On the northern wall of Gallery VII. are hung together interesting specimens of almost all the principal types of sea-painting now current in this country. First we reach "A Squally Day off Ouisterham" (586), one of Mr. Henry Moore's most radiant expanses of tossing azure in mid-ocean, as fresh and buoyant and salt as any modern hand has made it. Close to this hangs Mr. Colin Hunter's "By the Deep Sea" (593), also a creditable effort, but giving the waves a much more yeasty and greasy aspect than Mr. Moore contrives. Then we approach Mr. Brett, whose "Some fell on Stony Ground" (600) is artificially hard and brilliant, like a piece of glittering enamelled earthenware, with an exaggerated high light on the glaze. Then follows Mr. Henry Moore once more, in his "L'État de Sercq" (602), the sea here again very transparent and full of rhythmical movement; but the colour a little excessive, tending to a crude violet. If to these seascapes by eminent hands we add, as an example of the outsider, Mr. Robert Coventry's "Trawlers mending Nets" (643), a truthful and original, but slightly unsubstantial, rendering of shore and sea, we have a remarkably characteristic collection of contemporary renderings of the ocean. We may also point to Mr. Colin Hunter's careful and pleasing "Iona" (630). But the best landscape in Gallery VII. is unquestionably Mr. Adrian Stokes's noble "Through the Morning Mist" (645), cattle walking slowly in the outskirts of a forest through grass sodden with dew.

In Gallery VIII. we note a fresh and bright "In the Greenwood" (683), apparently an April study in some French forest, by Mr. Ernest Parton. Among the small easel-pictures which crowd Gallery IX. there are many pleasing, but few notable, landscapes. We may call attention to Mr. David Longsden's "Farm Land" (798), Mr. E. J. Head's "Harvest Time" (844),

and two studies by Mr. David Murray (809, 818). In Gallery X. we find Mr. Leader's large "Sand-Dunes" (982), careful and dry, with silvery sea beyond the sand-hills, and Mr. Waterlow's "The Misty Morn" (989). This room, too, contains Mr. David Murray's most ambitious picture of the year, "Mangolds" (996), a vast canvas, realistic and almost mathematical in treatment, very full of excellent detail, beautifully illuminated, and, withal, not wholly satisfactory. There is a great deal to commend in Mr. Winduss's "Receding Tide" (1013), in Mr. Wyllie's "Glory of a Dying Day" (1035), and in Mr. Arthur Lemon's admirably harmonious "All among the Barley" (1036). In Gallery XI., being pressed for space, we do no more than direct attention to Mr. W. E. Norton's nocturne in blue and silver, called "Night" (1072), to Mr. Hemy's "The Morning Light" (1094), and to "The Evening Hour" (1137), Mr. Waterlow's best contribution to the present Academy.

At the New Gallery the same influences, and even the work of the same hands, are mainly to be observed. There are, however, a few distinctive features. Among these must certainly be numbered Mr. Watts's extraordinary "The Forty-first Day of the Deluge" (238). Here the sun is breaking forth, and with his rays of orange light is driving away the bluish rain-clouds; he hangs over a level of neutral tint, which represents the universal ocean. Unfortunately, this picture looks, at first sight, like a section of some highly-coloured tree, polished and varnished, nor is it easy to remove this deplorable impression. Mr. Poynter's rare landscapes are generally charming; he has never been more successful than in the two water-colours which hang in the South Room—"Playtime" (219), a delightful little brown village asleep under a green rolling down, with one column of smoke rising, to prove that it is not dead, and "The New Barn" (215), the parting of two roads on a Sussex common. There is an impressive solemnity of colour in Mr. Arthur Tomson's "The Hay Cart" (211), also a Sussex study. Miss Alma Tadema's "Returning Light" (200) is a small upright picture of the sun breaking forth after a heavy snow-storm. An example of Mr. Albert Goodwin, of more than usual size, is "October" (116), a scene of timber-cutting presented against a rich pyramidal background of red and orange foliage. A glowing riverside scene is the "Midsummer" (126) of Mr. Charles W. Wyllie. In the West Room Mr. Hamilton Macallum's "Fishermen of Positano" (102) is gracefully and largely composed, but tamely painted. Mr. Corbet in his "Pisan Mountains" (79), and Professor Costa in his "Tomb on the Via Latina" (122), exemplify what may be called the classical taste in modern Italian landscape. Mr. North is exceedingly successful in his "Autumn" (62), where, against a deep mass of russet leafage, tenderly drawn and shaded, two beechen saplings, one straight, the other bent in a semicircle, give delightful definition to the whole. Mr. Edward Stott paints delicately, but not without some artifice, cows feeding in a darkness lit up by one large star, and calls it "Peaceful Evening" (18). Mr. Philip Burne-Jones contributes a picture called "Earth-Rise from the Moon" (190), which depicts a strange human skeleton lying in a rocky ravine of the satellite; it is an odd, weird, and to some a fascinating sketch. For the rest, we find in the New Gallery examples by Messrs. Henry More, Ernest Parton, Boughton, David Murray, Adrian Stokes, Arthur Lemon, and Ernest Waterlow, about which we can find nothing to remark except to repeat what we have already said in discussing their contributions to the Royal Academy.

#### THE GERMAN REED ENTERTAINMENT.

A NEW and, as it is Mr. Corney Grain's, an important item has been added this week to the bill of fare provided at Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment. "Killiecrumper," which is a bright piece of nonsense very happily carried off, still elicits its "encores." The laird "of that ilk," who is even better known as Mr. Reed, is wildly and delightfully improbable throughout, and his vassal, the Piper, a model "dummy." Perhaps a little less of his piping, and a little more of Miss Isabelle Girardot's, would add to the harmony of the evening; but these are matters of taste, and should not be handled without hesitation.

Unlike Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Corney Grain has provided himself with a piano for this, his latest, "Lecture." And he has chosen a subject that suits him, inasmuch as it puts him, from first to last, in perfect touch with his audience. "Dinners and Dinners," "illustrated by a Musical Menu"—it is the very thing. They are with him at once, from the rhapsody delivered with such mock unction over the mystic hour of "eight," to the last song about the last Society phenomenon of step-dancing. It is a highly moral entertainment. If any one among the audience has ever been guilty of the atrocity of giving "dinners which are no dinners," or descended to the depths of ignominy attaching to the



giver of "The Dinner Dreadful," he may, conceivably, long to begin all over again, and have his present entertainer for a guest, for the pleasure of supplying him with fresh matter. We should like to have Mr. Grain's answer to that invitation, to music. But, as a matter of fact, we already have it. Very clever and genuinely pathetic this time is the sketch in music of the feelings of a pair of Street Arabs, before the blinds have been drawn down upon a dinner to which, unhappily, they have not been invited. Their comments upon table and guests are free, frank, and idiomatic. Their point of view is as neatly caught as that of the "Algies, Archies," and the rest.

#### YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

AS the lamented Artemus Ward would have said, the Epsom Summer Meeting sounds sarcastic. If the nomenclature of the programme had been suited to this present season, we should hear of the Spitzbergen Stakes and the Hyperborean Handicap, or of the Hospital Cup for Convalescent Colts, with weight allowed for jockeys recovering from influenza. It is a matter of course that the great carnival of the turf should be celebrated by unstinted and uproarious festivity. On this occasion we suppose that Fortnum & Mason packed their hampers with patent specifics for bronchitis and with bottles of cough mixture; and that the purveyors of refreshments at the Grand Stand, instead of laying in cases of champagne, bought wholesale at unknown prices, have started the competing Russian *samoser*, or steaming cauldrons of double-distilled whisky toddy. We should pity the jockeys stripping to the silk, were it not that after their recent experiences at Newmarket and in the North, they must be used, like live eels, to such unseasonable skinning. Besides, if they do break up or break down, it is all in the way of business and duty. But the victims of pleasure and vanity will be countless. The tens of thousands who have been counting on this Epsom Meeting were not to be balked by the weather. They are lucky if they go down in airy third-class carriages, but possibly they have secured their places in curtained vans, or have accepted the offer of some sporting friend to take "a cast with the missus and the kids" in a spring cart. Moreover, they have been saving up their cash to sport a gorgeous spring toilette of flimsy tweed in glaring chess-board pattern, and they were bound to wear it, be the consequences what they might. Though, like their social superiors, they sadly realise that dust coats and blue veils are gone out of date with the glories of old-fashioned summers, that "cups" of all kinds had gone to a discount, and that salads must be severely connected with raw spirits; while it was idle to think of investing in false noses when everybody was trumpeting discordantly through pocket-handkerchiefs. The very jockeys, though got up in raiment sitting as close to their skeletons as gold-beater's skin, came in with a couple of pounds of extra weight owing to the heavy absorption of rain-water; and the chocolate sleeves of the rider of the winner were indistinguishable, since everything between the sky and the soil was steeped and splashed in what the Spaniards called Isabel colour.

Of course there must have been an immediate and perceptible effect in the metropolitan and suburban bills of mortality. Indeed the only trades and professions that are doing a lively business now are the doctors', chemists', and undertakers'. There is a cheerful weekly journal published at Cape Coast Castle which always gives a conspicuous place on its first page to an inviting advertisement of ready-made patent coffins. That is natural enough at "the Castle," where the oldest officials know nothing of scales of pension, since nobody has ever survived to draw one. But there is a deadly significance now in the lavish manner in which the proprietors of picturesque cemeteries in the home counties and the promoters of economical funeral arrangements are launching out in the advertising line.

We should gladly change a grim subject; but it is absolutely impossible to get away from it. Suppose we turn to politics and Parliament. Well, there is Sir Lyon Playfair, in the profundity of his broad chemical knowledge, writing to the morning papers the day after the fair to say that the House ought to have been thoroughly fumigated with sulphur, though, unfortunately, regard for the gilding puts that specific out of the question. The atmosphere of the Lower Chamber, in the opinion of Sir Lyon, is impregnated with microbes and bacilli. That may be, but, with all respect for his scientific knowledge, we must take leave to doubt the efficacy of the sulphur cure. Why, for the last month all over England, with the lurid clouds lowering round the horizon, we have been breathing nothing but sulphur and brimstone in a medium so heavily overcharged with electricity that the very striking a lucifer match seemed to threaten a blaze. We

private individuals, unless we are doomed to work through regular hours for a wife and family, may manage to put up with it. But we do admire the patriotism, or the determined social and selfish ambition, of those members of Parliament who stick to their posts through depression and discouragements while comrades are falling all around them. The Session, like Byron's Rhine, went off joyously in November, in the absence of the Irishmen, as an "exulting and abounding river." It was buoyant in the fond fancy of breaking up in a merry June. Now it looks like dribbling out in October, as what was once the German Rhine trickles out into the sea between the sluice-gates of sand-blown Katwyck. The watchful sentiment of those big populous constituencies tie their unhappy representatives to the Parliamentary stake. That might be tolerable if the poor members were cheered by hope; but how about the distant holidays and the recruiting their shattered health and spirits? We have no fondness for sinister prognostications, but all recent experience tells us that when the character of a year goes on hardening in impenitence until June, it has passed reasonable hope of reformation. Providence doubtless may interpose by a miracle, but such supernatural phenomena are rare. We can tell, with some approximation to certainty, what overtaken holiday-seekers, enfeebled in mind and body, may expect at home. We can fancy their looking up through driving rain-clouds in the direction of the soaring summits of Ben Lomond and Ben Nevis, lost through long weeks to sight, though they may still be dear to memory. We can imagine them beating the devil's tattoo on the dimmed panes of a lonely shooting-lodge window, while they know the wary grouse are getting wild as hawks and the deer are shifting away to the shelter of some distant forest. We can picture them listening to the roar of brawling Irish streams, in turbid flood, where salmon and trout are gorged to repletion and the use of any kind of tackle is impossible; for we know that the dammed-back water must come down sooner or later, and about a foot and a quarter of rain in arrear is due at the present moment. But while we curse our own climate with very sufficient cause, we are apt to forget that, in this exceptionally execrable year, there may be very little to choose between it and that of the districts on the Continent most frequented by tourists. The Dutchman, in the sea-fogs that soak his tulip-beds and his polders even in a normally brilliant season, is only kept in health by strong tobacco and stronger schiedam. Perhaps nothing on this side of the Urals can scowl more doggedly than the skies above Cologne of the Many Churches and the romantic scenery of the Castled Rhine. Agues and rheumatism are the really tricksome and malicious spirits—the Kühleborns and the Undines—which haunt the glades and hollows of the Black Forest in unfavourable years; the snow-laden mists from the mountains of Switzerland and Savoy come down to meet the reeking vapours from the meadows encumbered with belated hay-crops; and the daring traveller who has descended from the Alpine passes or the Italian Lakes, what with the sudden thunderstorms, the swift alternations of the temperature and the mosquitoes, which are bred of damp and cold, bitterly regrets that he had not saved money and trouble, and stayed at home to be wretched at Scarborough or Torquay. England may fall somewhat short of our conceptions of Paradise, but we should remember the proverb about the frying-pan and the fire.

#### MR. GROSSMITH'S RECITAL.

AT a time when, in obedience to the incomprehensible law which rules such matters, concerts are being given at the rate of three or four a day, until the sound of music becomes a very weariness to the flesh, a pleasant relief is afforded to the jaded critic by Mr. George Grossmith's recitals, the first of which took place last Saturday afternoon at St. James's Hall. Since Mr. Grossmith left the stage, he has had considerable experience of the art of satirical monologue—an art in which he is the successor of John Parry, Charles Mathews, and—to go back to the last century—Samuel Foote. His first appearances were hailed as revealing a new side of his versatile talent, and subsequent opportunities of hearing him have proved that he has gone on improving in the particular line which he has so successfully taken up. Though the range of musical and humorous recitals is necessarily small, and a certain amount of repetition, both of subject and satire, is inevitable, yet Mr. Grossmith always succeeds in introducing some new feature into his entertainments. Even when, as with his sketch "What's the World a-coming to?" he has probably delivered it many times previously, there is always some passing look or felicitous touch of manner which is new. It is in the art of suggesting, rather than of speaking his meaning, that Mr. Grossmith is so happy; the delicacy, and at the same time the unerring certainty of effect, of his

pantomime is remarkable, and it is an interesting sight to see a crowded audience, like that which filled St. James's Hall last Saturday, break into laughter like one man at the merest look or gesture of the actor. Besides "What's the World a-coming to" and his admirable burlesque recitations, all of which had been heard in London before, Mr. Grossmith introduced a new sketch, entitled "Is Music a Failure?" In this his well-known talent as a pianist found full scope; the variations on "Home, sweet Home" and the specimens of "Music which we pretend we understand," were especially good. The sketch ended with an extremely funny description of the rehearsal of a Pastoral Cantata by a Country Amateur Choral Society, in which the foibles of incompetent amateurs, and the feeble music which they love to sing, were satirized with scarcely a touch of exaggeration. Mr. Grossmith's account of the strange ways of those who dwell in suburbs is evidently founded upon close observation and intimate knowledge. It is in subjects like these that he is happiest, and his imitations are most convincing. His "imperturbable Tenor," who does not mind people talking while he sings, so long as he gets his "fifty-guinea fee," and his "very much up-to-date Mamma," are, we are inclined to think, only the very coinage of his brain.

#### BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

**FORMOSA** is a play which, when revived, is sure to fill the house with a certain curious class of playgoers who delight in remembering the original cast; therefore was Drury Lane, on Tuesday night last, crowded with people who are already suffering from the unkindly attentions of *l'âge ingrat* and pestering their neighbours with anecdotes of twenty years ago, of Chatterton and his all too famous saying, "Shakespeare spells ruin," and Miss Katherine Rogers and her beauty, and Dion Boucicault and his departed glories. Beyond the pleasure of catering to those good folk, we cannot conceive what on earth persuaded Mr. Augustus Harris to take the trouble to drag from the shades of a well-deserved oblivion this silly old play. *Formosa* is a badly-constructed piece, and its dialogue is conventional to the last degree—full of second-hand wit and second-hand pathos. Then, again, as a sporting drama it is hopelessly shallow, and proves plainly enough that Dion Boucicault's knowledge of life was limited to his own rather narrow circle and to the stage, the material effects of which he thoroughly understood. All artificial and preposterously improbable as *Formosa* undoubtedly is, it nevertheless does contain one or two striking "situations." Notably, the powerful one in the last act, which has been borrowed again and again by more recent dramatists. We refer to the scene in which the erring *Formosa* is discovered by her parents and forgiven. We have recently seen a rehash of it in *The Dancing Girl*, and also, by the way, in *The Lights of London*. *Formosa* is not certain to occupy the stage of Drury Lane for any length of time, and already that cheerful play, *Drink*, with Mr. Charles Warner as Coupeau, is announced for speedy production. Of the original cast—the much-talked-of original cast—Mrs. John Billington alone figured the other evening, and she was quite admirable as the vulgar but kind-hearted mother of the haughty heroine. In "front," however, sat Mr. J. B. Howard, who "created" the part of Tom Burroughs in 1869. Mr. Charles Glenney, the actual representative of the said Tom, did not thoroughly look the part; and Miss Katie James was not quite happy in Lord Eden, a character which could just as well be played by a man. Mr. Julian Cross was a good Boker; but Mr. Harry Nicholls failed for once to be funny as Bob Saunders. Miss Jessie Millward, who looked very handsome, was rather stagey as the dissipated heroine; and Miss Mary Ansell was a stiff and formal Nelly Saunders. The scenery has a "patched" appearance, and the boat-race—very well managed in many respects—was entirely spoilt by the introduction of half a dozen cardboard steamers, crowded with highly-painted passengers, which passed across the stage in an absurdly rickety manner.

Mr. Robert Buchanan's version of *The Relapse*, re-called *Miss Tomboy*, was revived this week at the Vaudeville. We have long since expressed our opinion upon the merits and demerits of Mr. Buchanan's attempt to "clean up" Sir John Vanbrugh's gross, if distinctly human, play, by taking all the eighteenth-century quaintness out of it, and therefore will simply recall the fact that Miss Ella Bannister did not efface the pleasant memories of Miss Winifred Emery as Miss Hoyden. Miss Bannister's Hoyden is not so much a romp as a fidget. She proved herself a perfect *moto perpetuo*—never at rest, and consequently soon became somewhat of a nuisance. Miss Hoyden is a badly-brought-up young person; but she is not exactly a lunatic, and can keep quiet enough when necessary; for, after all, she is seventeen, and girls of that age do not perpetually play at baby. Not so, accord-

ing to testimony, did that hearty and golden-voiced actress, Mrs. Jordan, interpret this part; for we are told that "she knew how to invest Hoyden with a becoming dignity, and even sweetness, so as to make the portraiture of this pretty romp stand out in singular and perfect relief as one of the most exquisitely natural and thoughtful impersonations of refined humour and girlish gaiety it is given to the mind to imagine." Mr. Thomas Thorne is good as Lord Foppington; but as to the other members of the cast, although they wore the costumes of the first decade of the eighteenth century, they retained the intonation, the style, and the manners of the last quarter of the present, and, thanks to Mr. Robert Buchanan, were, moreover, enabled to introduce not a little of its slang. We scarcely fancy Sir John Vanbrugh would have endorsed this edition of his fine old comedy, which should either be played as he wrote it, with certain allowable omissions, or else left on the shelves of the library bookcase.

The Shaftesbury Theatre has been greatly improved by its present manager, Mr. Herbert-Basing. It was recently one of the gloomiest theatres in London, now it is brilliant and comfortable, and all that ingenuity can invent to render the auditorium pleasant to the audience has been done. *Handfast* is a strong play, which has already been noticed in detail in the columns of the *Saturday Review*, for it is, after all, only another of the many revivals which are taking place in almost every theatre just now. This week it is preceded by a silly little play called *Hubby*, which is quite unworthy of the exceptional talent of the clever people who, however, manage to make it rattle along merrily enough. Miss Victoria Vokes received much hearty applause on her "reappearance" on the London stage after a long absence, and equally well received were Mr. Fawdon Vokes and Miss Annie Vokes, who are as vivacious as ever. Mr. Henry Hamilton, one of the authors of *Handfast*, now plays the hero with considerable distinction.

The delightful *Cigale*, at the Lyric, has undergone a slight revision this week. Miss Geraldine Ulmar is back again, and some new songs and dances have been introduced, which tend considerably to improve even this attractive operetta.

Mr. Hare has revived *A Pair of Spectacles* at the Garrick, preceded by *A Quiet Rubber*. Both pieces are beautifully acted, and are likely to retain possession of the stage at this pretty and, by the way, excellently ventilated and lighted theatre for the remainder of the season.

The last nights of *The Gondoliers* are announced at the Savoy, and *The Silver King* will be withdrawn next week at the New Olympic.

On Tuesday afternoon next the popular Miss Norreys will appear at the Criterion as Nora in *A Doll's House*, which is distinctly the best, and indeed the only popular English version of Ibsen's play. The end of the short run of *Hedda Gabler* at the Vaudeville is drawing near, and after that let us hope the name of the "Master" will disappear from the London playbills for a long long time. His pieces are neither amusing nor profitable.

A crowded audience welcomed back Mr. Clifford Harrison at Steinway Hall on Saturday. He recited to absolute perfection Moore's "Paradise and the Peri," sang rather than read Mr. Alfred Austin's charming "Love Song," and also displayed his remarkable versatility by reading with a delightful sense of humour the Rawdon Crawley scene from *Vanity Fair*, called "How to live on nothing a year." Rest has done Mr. Clifford Harrison not only physical good, but it has given him time to ripen his extraordinary talent. Mr. Harrison will give a recital every Saturday afternoon at Steinway Hall until July 25.

M. Jean de Reszke sang last week, as everybody knows, very admirably as Raoul in *Les Huguenots*. His performance is thus mentioned by a contemporary critic:—"Any great brilliancy of vocal effect on the part of Brother Jean was put out of the question by the audacious transpositions to which he resorted in order to bring the highest notes of the part within his range." This is absolutely untrue. M. de Reszke, if anything, studiously avoids high notes, for the simple reason that his voice, which was originally a baritone, does not shine in its upper register. Then this weird critic proceeds to declare that the above-mentioned proceedings on the part of "Brother" Jean caused such confusion among the basses in the duel septet that they became very uncomfortable in their boots! Arrayed, the critic continues, "in a faultless Lincoln & Bennett hat," "Brother" Edouard sang Marcel. He distinguished himself, indeed, in the famous duet with Valentine, "but was otherwise a mere makeshift, and in the absence of a true *baso profundo* finished his choral by singing the *canto fermo* in unison with the trumpet part, instead of going down into the depths plumbed by Meyerbeer!"

The new ballet at the Empire is an advance in the right direction, even upon the charming *Cecile*, which it replaces. *Orfeo* is



extremely delicate and poetical, and fortunately free from the presence of those disagreeable, unæsthetic people the Amazons, in armour, tights, and little else, who used to prove such unsightly nuisances in the ballets of the past. The scenery is exquisite, and the colouring of the costumes wonderfully beautiful—especially so in the scene in Arcadia, in which they vary from the palest primrose to golden orange, with infinite gradations of tints and textures. Mr. Wenzel's music, too, is quite charming and appropriate, and follows the pretty mythical story of Orpheus and Eurydice with remarkable tact and discrimination, especially in the earlier and pastoral scenes. It is a trifle too brazen in the infernal regions, but there, naturally, *à-bas*, we ought to expect unpleasant sounds. Signora Cavalazzi is admirable as Orfeo, and Miss Ada Vincent is correspondingly graceful as Eurydice. Milles, de Sortis and Rossi, and Signor Cecchetti, are the principal dancers in a ballet which reflects very highly on the ingenuity of Mme. Kattie Lanner, and which adds much to the managerial tact of Mr. Hitchins.

## A CONTROVERSIAL FRAGMENT.

[The following fragmentary extract from a newspaper of the twenty-first century has come—mysteriously enough, it must be admitted—into our hands. It purports to be a contribution to a controversy with respect to the historical accuracy of a picture representing a romantic incident of our own era.]

THE moral censorship of that day [writes the unknown disputant] was undoubtedly very minute and inquisitorial; but to speak of it as indelicately intrusive would be to transfer to the nineteenth century the standard of our own age. In point of fact, Dugaldus was personally what I have called him—a man of unblemished reputation and of the highest respectability, as appears from the following extract from a contemporary chronicler, which seems to me far more worthy of reliance than the Professor's second-hand quotations from later historians:—

Inter quos (viros justos et perfectos) magister Dugaldus de Hamburg velut clarum sidus in Concilio Comitatus præfulsit. Fuit enim studiosissimus castitatis, conversatione purus, et vita evangelica, gravis in moribus, aspectu austerus, saltatricum et cantorum licentia refractor strenuus. Horum enim cantus ubicunque salis aliquantulum salacis per incuriam censorum irrepererat accurate expurgavit; illarum tunicas plus æquo curtas vehementer increpuit et summâ cum laude usque ad talos protrahendas curavit. (*De Inspectu Zoonis*, iv. 9.)

Moreover, ample information of this view of Dugaldus's character and of his labours on behalf of purity is given by another—a versifying—chronicler of the same period, who seems, indeed, in the passage I have roughly translated below, to have pretty closely paraphrased the pedestrian biographer:—

Among these just and perfect men  
Who lived for virtue's sake,  
Macdougall was the brightest star,  
Macdougall took the cake.  
Of purest morals, saintliest life,  
Of vice a judge severe,  
Decorum's most devoted friend,  
Of countenance austere.  
The light-heeled dæmself dared not kick  
Against his grave command,  
At every "tarn" the broad comique  
Felt his restraining hand.  
No doubtful jest, no risky gag,  
Escaped that watchful scout:  
Macdougall dropped upon him sharp,  
And made him cut it out.  
The ballerina's twirling skirt,  
If shorter than discreet,  
Descending, when Macdougall chid  
Flowed ample to her feet.

I must, however, hasten on to the passage on which Mr. Wychkettle, R.A., has doubtless founded his grossly perverted rendering of a beautiful incident in our municipal history:—

Cum igitur fama de vulnerato Zoonis dorso divulgaretur, Dugaldus atque alii quidam e Concilio Comitatus delecti ad Aquarium convenerunt, ubi puella, Magistro Dugaldo et quibusdam de conscriptis patribus adstantibus, usque ad medium omnino se exiit et nudavit. Et cum ad hunc modum falsam istam et injuriosam famam demonstrasset jussit eam vestimenta recipere pius et prudens Magister Dugaldus; volens ut per hoc experimentum ii qui posthac "mordere dorsum," ut aiunt, voluissent in perpetuum silentium se reductos sentirent. (*De Insp. Zc.* iv. 10.)

Now on this passage I have, in the first place, to remark that its authenticity is more than doubtful, and that, inasmuch as other contemporary authorities deny that Dugaldus was present at the ceremony above described (see August. Druriolan. *Indagatio*, I. iii.-vii.), the passage may very well be an interpolation. Indeed, it is actually obelized by some of the best editors. But in the second place, even assuming the presence of Dugaldus on

this occasion, the fact would only convince all persons who know anything of the character and history of that saint that Mr. Wychkettle has grievously misinterpreted his chronicler, and has given to his obviously metaphorical language a far too literal and prosaic rendering. Our metrical chronicler here unfortunately fails us, as, with the exception of two lines, which have always been the standing *crux* of the commentator,

... the shortest-sighted eye  
Of any mole's worth more,

the passage which in all probability contained the description of the scene at the Aquarium has been unluckily lost. But the following lines, which have been preserved, are in themselves sufficient to show how monstrous is the error into which the artist has fallen:—

Thus did the injured dæmself then  
The naked truth reveal  
Unto those grave and reverend men  
Of piety and zeal.  
That thus at last back-biters vile  
To silence might be forced,  
When her defence by Councillors  
Was found to be endorsed.

Surely the words I have italicized carry their figurative significance on their very face, and indicate unmistakably what the—in every sense of the words—correct and proper rendering of "*omnino se exiit et nudavit*" is. I would ask Mr. Wychkettle whether, if he met such a phrase as "to make a clean breast of it," he would interpret it literally. Of course he would not; yet in this case the metaphor is merely transferred to the other side of the body. I am quite aware that there is a passage in the *Acta Concilii* which seems to favour a literal interpretation of the above passage, and that Augustus Druriolanus declares (*Indagatio*, I. 9) that certain Councillors other than Dugaldus . . .

## REVIEWS.

## LAURENCE OLIPHANT.\*

THERE can be no doubt, from internal evidence as well as from inductive reasons, that Mrs. Oliphant has joined love with labour in writing the life of the strange and brilliant personage who was her namesake, and who belonged to a good old Scotch stock wherewith (as her pages tell us) she is connected both by descent and marriage. Nor is there doubt that where an honoured writer has given her sympathy to the portrayal of two lives—for the first Mrs. Laurence Oliphant is included in the Memoir—which attracted all sympathies, with each its share of genius, the critic should rather hasten to acknowledge the affectionate and noble feeling which inspires the work than dwell upon its lapses in execution. Yet as to this something must needs be said. Oliphant was a man so many-sided, so unusual, so interesting, so distinguished in all sides of him, that it would be strange indeed if a biographer who knew him comparatively late in his career could even indicate all of his moods and ideas with complete discretion and correctness. Here and there one finds a want of information which a very little more trouble might have supplied—as in the case of certain "mystic" beliefs in the time of "the Prophet Harris," to which Mrs. Oliphant refers with admitted ignorance. And this being so, it might have been better to say nothing about them. So with the curious mixture of wit, humour, knowledge of the world, and an always growing belief in knowledge of another world which were strong characteristics of Laurence Oliphant's life. Some of these things his biographer knows; others she, it would seem, has either not known or not appreciated at all. It is only fair to remember in this connexion Hamlet's pregnant saying that "to know a man well were to know himself"—and some of those who knew and loved Laurence Oliphant best may doubt if he himself ever knew himself.

So with Mrs. Laurence Oliphant (born Miss le Strange), it does not seem that Mrs. Oliphant's knowledge of that entrancing and beautiful character is on a par with her sincere and delightfully-expressed affection. But, after all, what the author had set before herself was to give some idea of two very remarkable characters and lives to people who might otherwise have been ignorant of their meaning and import; and in this matter one certainly should have no right to quarrel with Mrs. Oliphant, who has done "what a woman can" to convey to her readers a notion of the fascination and the influence which were exercised by the subjects of her book. Much has been said, naturally and properly, in other quarters of the very curious facts of Laurence Oliphant's adventurous life as related by his and his first wife's biographer. On these facts, therefore, we prefer to ask our readers to

\* *Memoir of the Life of Laurence Oliphant, and of Alice Oliphant, his Wife.* By Margaret Oliphant W. Oliphant, Author of "Life of Edward Irving," "Life of Principal Tulloch," &c. 2 vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1891.

consult in detail both Mrs. Oliphant's book and Laurence Oliphant's own works, often referred to in the volumes before us. Brought up more or less as a barrister—and he seems to have done very good barrister work in Ceylon—Laurence Oliphant, though he later ate, or began to eat, his terms in London, soon took to a most unusual career, which can be best described as belonging to *quidquid agunt homines*. He was, as we have said, a barrister by early training; he was a brilliant diplomat, though for the most part unattached, as in those days was possible; he was a war correspondent, when the thing was rarer than it is now. He had plenty of the soldiering instinct in him, shown both in his war correspondence and in his amazing single combat with a Japanese warrior, during which he himself, just risen from bed, was armed only with a heavy hunting crop. He was a man intensely sought after in what was perhaps the best period of London society for many years past. He more than once went into odd phases of business, and, after falling for a while under the spell of a charlatan whom he afterwards denounced in the most scathing way, he, as he thought, invented, but as a matter of fact revived, a system of belief which at this moment is more openly supported by "mystics" elsewhere than in England.

He would, and rightly, have none of the Blavatsky business; but his own later ideas touched at a few points the notions which the esoteric Buddhists put forward. But this is not the place to discuss the theories to which his biographer alludes in the vaguest way, and of which he himself spoke but rarely. Only it may be noted that, as a rule, when he did speak of them intimately there was no such change as Mrs. Oliphant refers to, on one occasion, from the manner of the complete man of the world to that of a mystic. On the contrary, he spoke in general of these things in exactly the same tone, always charming as his smile, as he might of a country-house visit or a railway journey. Again, however, as to his influence in this matter over a great many people, we must remember the commonplace of Herodotus. What must have been obvious to all who really knew him was what his biographer very rightly insists upon—his extraordinary fascination in every direction of life. He was charming and, at least for the moment, convincing alike to kings and beggars.

Nor was the least strange thing in his life his alliance, not in his first youth, with one whose charm like his was indefinable and imperative. The history of these two people, both of the most perfect attraction, intellect, and breeding that can be imagined, putting themselves under the absolute control of a man whom, from Oliphant's own later writing, one cannot but regard as a powerful, but complete, impostor, utterly destitute of any nobility of mind or manner, is a strange business. And on this his biographer, as might have been expected, has dwelt with a commendably light touch.

We have said that of Oliphant's later convictions the book either knows or says little. Let us end a review which we have deliberately made brief by thanking Mrs. Oliphant for having undertaken the work, and by quoting her last sentence, with every word of which every one who knew Laurence Oliphant cannot but agree:—"There has been no such bold satirist, no such cynic philosopher, no such devoted enthusiast, no adventurer so daring and gay, no religious teacher so absolute and visionary in this Victorian age, now beginning to round towards its end, and which holds in its long and brilliant roll no more attractive and interesting name."

#### NOVELS.\*

HOW far Mr. H. Rider Haggard is indebted to the Icelandic sagas for his story *Eric Brighteyes*, how much is saga, and how much romance—recent romance—and how much is the product of his own daring imagination, is best known to himself. We venture to think it is the first Norse saga that has a chance of becoming a popular story. A grand literature has never had a scintilla following than the Norse prose epics in our own day. It is too big for us, or we are too little for it, as one may care to put it; but the fact remains that people of the ordinary type to-day are not only uninterested in Scandinavian legendary lore, but they are actively bored by it. Unwise in his generation the painter who devotes himself to big canvases sprawled over by long-haired warriors and longer-haired maidens. Wagner's grand musical conceptions and elemental harmonies have had to struggle under the weight of the stories he selected, when he took them from the ancient Northern mythologies. Partly that they are too far off, partly that they are too heroic, partly that they are archaic, the sagas are too hard reading for any but the genuine student; and how many genuine students are found subscribing to circulating libraries? But here is an Icelandic saga that he who runs may read. Indeed, to invert

the old saying, he who reads must run, for he cannot willingly leave off. The story of Eric and his wonderful deeds is modernized to our modern liking, and told with more even than the author's known buoyancy and vigour. The bones of the grand old epic are clothed with flesh and blood, Eric and Gudruda are lovers of the eternal type, and the witchcrafts of Swanhild the Fatherless are little more than the wiles and wickedness of the everlasting feminine. Great and Homeric is the carnage—which, with feasting and love-making, were the primitive pleasures—bloody as the killing of the wooers in the *Odyssey*. So much do these grand old legends (in their difference) resemble the Biblical and Homeric stories that the narrator is drawn into haunting similitudes:—"They fled, they fell, they leaped into the sea"; "And when they had put the desire of food from them"; "Their knees were loosened so that they sank down dead." These have a familiar sound that alternates with phrases of the period:—"I have always loved the lad, and he will go far"; "It seems to me thou hast some stake upon the race"; and the delightful definition of a "troll" as an "able-bodied goblin." *Eric Brighteyes* is a book to delight young and old readers. Simple and heroic, fresh, terrible, and in touches humorous, it brings a new, or rather old, and different life into our experience. If Mr. Rider Haggard will do as much for more of these little-known sagas as he has done in this case, he will merit gratitude, which he avers, in his dedication to the Empress Frederick of Germany, is "far dearer to an author than any praise." The volume is offered to the Empress as an acknowledgment of an assurance from her that Mr. Haggard's former works had "interested and fascinated" the late Emperor, and that weary weeks of his illness had been solaced by the perusal of them. The present work is profusely illustrated by Mr. Lancelot Speed, whose larger drawings are less successful than the woodcuts in text.

Mr. Horace Hutchinson may write novels on any subject he pleases, and it is probable a good many subjects may in time present themselves to his selection, but golf and cricket are his choice. Golf and cricket by no means usurp the larger portion of his three volumes called *Creatures of Circumstance*, but the chapters devoted to them are written with the zest of keenest interest. As he has the tact not to overwhelm the ignorant outsider with technical terminology, and takes care not to be too cunning to be understood, he succeeds in drawing his reader along with him, and in the end we feel that to have captained the county cricket was, and should have been, enough for the free and enlightened electors to justify them in sending Mr. Robert Burscough to Parliament with a "howling majority." There is a fresh breeziness about the story, a sense of the beauties of nature and the outdoor world, a passion for the woods and heaths, and a sympathy for the wild things in them which make the book refreshing, and quite redeem any crudity of construction the critical may observe. When Mr. Robert Burscough goes to America, driven by the pangs of despised love and other motives, he has some amusing adventures and hears some good stories. The incident of the gentleman who offered to sell a horse to Burscough and escort him to his destination on another, both animals having been stolen up the valley the night before by the pretended owner, which lands the confiding Britisher inside San Chiquito gaol, seems to wear a not unfamiliar face. Delightful is the yarn of the pumpkin vines that grew so fast they dragged the pumpkins round the field after them, and you had to gallop on horseback to overtake and pluck them. It wouldn't be fair to overlook the more serious (if anything be more serious than golf and cricket) and dramatic part of Mr. Hutchinson's novel by dwelling only on what is really the more attractive side of it. There is evidence of decided power of character depiction. Sybil, the impulsive faulty woman; Robert Burscough, the weak, but profoundly honest, gentleman; and Lord Morningham, the coldly vicious cynic, are people whose natures are definitely before the author's mind, and who act upon each other in a way to be understood. A number of others are more slightly but very humorously and cleverly sketched in. The "creature" always spoken of as "it" is a species of amiable Caliban. The novel is far more readable and pleasant than many more pretentiously pitched.

The author of *Jerome*, Miss Annabel Gray, entertains the gloomiest views of the present condition of literature. "What is needed in a successful literary career is a rapidly travelling pen and a very small amount of brain." Miss Gray's pen has travelled a good deal, if we may judge from the formidable list of previous works mentioned on the title-page of *Jerome*; but we should be sorry to believe it had been propelled by so limited an amount of brain as she avers to be needful. If we may judge from *Jerome*, it is not so much brain-power that is wanted as rational control of it, and if the pen had less hurriedly travelled the excited page, we might have been able to follow with less bewilderment and more appreciation. As it is, the book has the effect of a long hysterical spasm, tempered with tomahawk blows at persons who have succeeded in literature and got on in society by the base influence of filthy lucre. To give an idea of the breathless kind of life they led in *Jerome*, and that young gentleman's heroic proportions, we may quote a brief synopsis of his educational curriculum. Jerome Lorimer held "that to form and elevate the mind also had its value, and what with the study of arithmetic, algebra, mathematics, the calculation of probabilities, geometry, the laws of motion, central forces, astronomy, natural history, metaphysics, theology, experimental science, logic, criticism, natural philo-

\* *Eric Brighteyes*. By H. Rider Haggard. London: Longmans & Co. 1891.

*Creatures of Circumstance*. By Horace G. Hutchinson. 3 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1891.

*Jerome*. By Annabel Gray. 3 vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1891.

*Miss Devereux, Spinster: a Study of Development*. By Agnes Giberne. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1891.

*At an Old Château*. By Katharine S. Macquoid. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.

*A New England Nun; and other Stories*. By Mary E. Wilkins. London: Osgood & Co. 1891.



sophy, Latin, Greek, French, German, eloquence, poetry, music, and painting, a young man's education is, indeed, no trifle." Nothing is a trifle in the career of Jerome, who is whirled from one passion to its opposite till his and every one else's brain reel. "He laid and thought, he could not sleep." If he "laid," he didn't deserve to sleep or enjoy any other good gift. But he always laid. "Irony and derision underlaid every precept." The wealth of luxury and splendid furniture which surround the beings who rave and languish on "every imaginable specimen of high and low chairs" are such as are met with only in novels like this; but Jerome's own dress must have been curious. "He left them with an irritating sense of their tearing fashion to tatters, and would have been improved by more petticoats and less extraordinary sleeves." The young women of Jerome's acquaintance are quite up to his level. One, a Creole, speaks of her countrywomen—"They are pale, languid, take red pepper and rum to support them. I used to." This young lady "was grotesque and consequently voluptuous," and comes to a very sad end. Iris, the prima-donna, has a history compounded of the adventures of three of the leading actresses and singers of our time, not very discreetly introduced. Were we to quote all the bad grammar, bad French, slipshod phrases, and inaccuracies to be found in *Jerome*, we should almost have to quote the three volumes, and that were both tedious and useless, since any curious reader can get them for himself.

The strongest novel that ever was is not strong enough to bear the load of a scientific or philosophic theory. And of all the theories to clog and drag dramatic action the worst is (*pace* Ibsen) that of heredity. Miss Agnes Giberne, who is, the title-page of *Miss Devereux*, *Spinster*, says, the author of *Sun, Moon, and Stars*, has chosen to burden her pretty story of English country life with discussion of hereditary influences, to intervene between passages of love-making dissertations on the "in-born" and the "in-bred," and to hinder the action of her rather interesting and cleverly conceived personages with speculations as to why they did, and why they did not, and why they were, and why they were not. So the novel is, if not spoiled, much harmed, and the science of heredity no whit advanced. How could it be advanced in a novel? Thorough discussion of the subject would make the novel impossible, and if the discussion is not thorough, where's the good of it? Miss Devereux, spinster, is an old maid who maunders in a very tiresome way, and her maanderings are only made more tiresome by their being accounted for in many pages of past biography. Imagine the maanderings of Flora Finch or Mrs. Nickleby being explained by theories of heredity. The plague of some modern novels is that, in a rage for instruction, they forget to amuse. Then village gossip and churchy variances to be endurable should be treated in a light, satirical, chaffy fashion. The question of attendance at Dulverford Church, or at St. John's Church, Dutton, is a burning one only for the village people of Dulverford, and awakens no general interest. The girls in this, after all, not unreadable story are pleasantly drawn, especially Jean Trevelyan; but the men are priggish and feminine. Could all the heredity business be swept out of it as by a blast, what were left in the book would be fairly good.

Mrs. Macquoid is usually happy in her bright and characteristic French stories, and those qualities are not altogether wanting in her new book, *At an Old Château*. The plot, however, does not lend itself willingly to be clothed in French surroundings. However emancipated from tradition and tainted with license certain Parisian circles may be, the old conventions still prevail over France, and in important quarters in Paris itself, especially in relation to the interior domestic life. The young noble Frenchwoman is still guarded, protected, fenced in very much as in the old style, even though the old style has become tradition. That Mme. de Locronan, of the *vieille roche*, and of the old faith, should connive at—indeed, be the principal agent in—the secret marriage of her daughter, die without disclosing the girl's position, and leave her to all the equivocal possible results, is in the last degree improbable, especially as no sufficient reason existed. The families of De Locronan and De Camaret had been ancient foes, but no objection could be made to their reconciliation in the persons of the only daughter of the one and the only son of the other, particularly as M. Gilles de Locronan, now his sister's guardian, was a hard-headed lawyer, a man of the world, and not likely to cherish ancestral feuds in the face of a good match for Mlle. Manon. The truth is the plot had to be made to hang a story on, and it has not been very well made. A small piece of inattention to truth of detail strikes us when we find Manon wearing a yellow gown soon after the death of her mother. Surely Mrs. Macquoid is aware of the rigours of the French *grand deuil*, the *deuil de laine*.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins would have more fitly named the book *A New England Nun; and other Stories* "Impressions of New England Life," for a collection of stories it is not. It is a series of impressions made in a New England village on a vision which sees only a limited area, but sees all therein contained very distinctly. The little pieces have probably appeared in magazines, and must have gained in so doing. Collected in a volume, they make, as an exhibition of pictures by one painter does, the effects the artist cannot produce more prominently apparent than those he can. However, Miss Wilkins's little gallery is made up of bright sketches, instinct with tenderness, feminine apprehension of detail, and sympathy with every humane and generous feeling. No; generous is not the word. Humane may stand, but of the

fullness and flow implied in generosity there is nothing here. The life of hard and grudging conscientiousness, the bitter struggle for daily food, or, in a higher class, for more money; the utter absence of anything lovely, joyous, careless, free, about this New England rusticity is terrible. Even youth and love, the immortal gifts, are screwed into the narrowest shapes, and denuded of every beauty that can be taken from them. The author is at her best when she is gently satirizing the foolishness of women's talk. "Sister Liddy" is a wonderfully well done description of a lot of old women in an almshouse, with their little shrivelled vanities and poor old played-out pomps. And, in quite another way, "The Twelfth Guest" is charming; though the charm is carried into the rugged household of the New Englanders by the author's own imaginative flight.

#### THE METEORITIC HYPOTHESIS.\*

"METHOD," Bacon says, "carrying a show of total and perfect knowledge, hath a tendency to generate acquiescence." The truth of the aphorism might be abundantly illustrated from the history both of philosophy and of science. No system in either, if only set forth with due pomp, and an ample equipment of explanatory powers, has ever yet failed to secure adherents. And as in the past, so it will be in the future, unless curiosity and mental inertia dissolve their secular alliance. Men, as they actually are, wishing to know, but desiring at the same time to avoid the trouble of thinking, easily admit bold conclusions without concerning themselves about the steps by which they have been reached. They favour any authority which abolishes doubts and qualifications, in themselves obnoxious to human impatience; and, for the rest, accept theories, just as they climb mountains, for the mere purpose of commanding a wide view—even if it be only of clouds.

Now *The Meteoritic Hypothesis* opens up a most extensive prospect; it professes indeed to "explain everything"; and the claim, backed by an imposing array of evidence of a very special kind, can be rightly adjudicated upon only by a few, and is likely enough to pass current with the many. The question, then, whether its currency is for the advantage of scientific truth is of some importance.

The fundamental proposition from which it is elaborated is that meteorites are the raw material of suns—that the enigmatical little bodies, captured specimens of which figure every year more plentifully in the museums of Europe and America, are worked up, after nature's deliberate fashion, in the great world-factories of space, into such finished products as the radiant central mass of our planetary scheme. If their origin be inquired into, we have to admit ignorance. Of their life-history we can only say that, since they are not only fragments themselves, but made up of fragments pieced together, as it were, in haste, it appears to have been a long and agitated one. That they result in some way from the disintegration of comets is probable, but cannot be taken as certain. Waiving doubts, however, on this point, the temptation is strong to extend the inference of the meteoritic constitution of comets to nebulae, conjectured by the elder Herschel, on the superficial ground of similarity of aspect, to be the parent-masses from which comets were originally torn. But, if nebulae are made up of jostling stones and irons, so, in all likelihood, are the various orders of stars. These are accordingly distinguished, in the celestial hierarchy established by Mr. Lockyer, solely by gradations of "spacing" and temperature, involving, however, vaporization when the true sunlike stage is approached, and solidification after it has been passed. Nebulae, in this view, are then vast, sparse meteor-swarms, shining partly by electrical discharges, partly through incandescence due to collisions among their revolving constituents. The loss of tangential movement resulting from such collisions gives gravity the opportunity of exerting its condensing power; heat concurrently increases, and thus the successive grades of gaseous stars, stars with fluted spectra, finally, of genuine suns like Sirius, Capella, or Arcturus, are reached.

But the whole theory of collisions encounters, *in limine*, a fatal objection. The otherwise empty interspaces are supposed to be—and must be, if the observed spectra are to be produced—filled with gases of various kinds expelled from the colliding meteorites. These, accordingly, move in a resisting medium, hence in descending spirals towards their centre of gravity, long before attaining which they should be reduced to vapour, precisely as shooting-stars are daily consumed by millions in our upper air. Their individual existence would then be exceedingly transient.

Nor, even if the manner of association postulated for them could be supposed permanent, is it easy to see how it could be set on foot. If the circulating meteorites owned a common origin, their movements should necessarily be harmonious enough to render their mutual encounters of negligible frequency; while the collection of a "scratch lot" from all quarters of space is simply inconceivable. How was it to be initiated? Under what circumstances were the pair of meteorites destined to be the progenitors of a future swarm, to start the round of their

\* *The Meteoritic Hypothesis: a Statement of the Results of a Spectroscopic Inquiry into the Origin of Comical Systems.* By J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co.

"mazes intricate"? The laws of motion are inexorable. They do not permit the *lassing* of one cosmical body by another, unless under conditions not found among the rocky atoms wandering through interstellar regions. These are indeed engulfed by the earth, but are incapable of becoming its satellites; and even the sun performs the feats of comet-capture attributed to him only with the friendly aid of one of the great planets. Thus we cannot but regret that Professor Darwin, in attempting to adapt the kinetic theory of gases to the circumstances of a meteor-swarm, should have employed his powers of analysis to lend mathematical plausibility to a physical impossibility.

It is, however, upon spectroscopic evidence that Mr. Lockyer mainly relies; and here, again, there is a difficulty. Meteorites must, on the hypothesis in question—since the heavenly bodies are composed of nothing else—include, actually or potentially, all the chemical elements. In fact, considerably less than half of the seventy or so distinctly recognized terrestrial substances are known to occur in them. But let that pass. The point to be insisted upon is, that the chemistry of meteorites being fundamentally the same with the chemistry of the heavenly bodies generally, spectroscopic coincidences must be the rule, not the exception, and, unless of a peculiarly emphatic kind, lend no support to novel speculations. Conceivably, however, by the gradual heating of meteoritic specimens in the laboratory, sequences and associations of spectral lines might be brought out, which, paralleled in cosmical light-sources, might indicate a significant relationship; and Mr. Lockyer has accordingly built his scheme upon the supposed presence of such significant sequences and associations. But can their presence be substantiated?

The experiments instituted at South Kensington covered a very wide field, and their results were at first given under reserve, as merely approximate. But approximations are in spectroscopic science eminently misleading, and have proved so in the present instance. The corner-stone (as it may be termed) of the meteoritic hypothesis was the tempting explanation offered by it of the still enigmatical nebular spectrum. Vapours distilled from aerolites at the comparatively low temperature of the Bunsen flame show prominently, when illuminated by electricity, a green "fluting," due to the radiations of magnesium or magnesium-oxide. This was plausibly identified with the chief nebular line, and the coincidence of position is, indeed, very close, although, it would seem, not absolute. But the character of the two lines altogether prohibit their assimilation. The nebular ray is sharp; the metallic ray is sharp only on one side; it is, in other words, simply the edge of a bright effusion. The distinction is marked, and decisive as to a difference of origin. Moreover, "cool" magnesium cannot reasonably be supposed to exist side by side, either with the solar gas "helium," a very salamander among forms of matter, yet now a recognized constituent of nebulae, or with hydrogen heated to the pitch needed for the emission of the ultra-violet rays, lately photographed from the Orion nebula by Dr. and Mrs. Huggins. Magnesium, if concurrently present at all, should make itself known by the display of the solar group of lines named by Fraunhofer *b*. A "remnant of a fluting" would, in truth, be almost as flagrant a spectroscopic anomaly in the Orion nebula as in a solar prominence. Indeed one of the most curious results of recent research has been to develop an unexpected analogy, both in structure and composition, between nebulae and the glowing appendages of the sun.

The meteoritic hypothesis can no longer then be welcomed as a universal solvent of difficulties. Its breakdown where it seemed strongest does not tend to remove misgivings as to its efficacy in other directions. There can be no doubt, for instance, that the account given by it of the fluted spectra of such stars as Betelgeux,  $\alpha$  Herculis, and Mira, is off the track. Only one out of the multitude of stellar spectra hitherto investigated—that of the variable R Geminorum—is really cometary, or made up in part of bright carbon-bands; the search for them in fluted and other spectra has not proved successful. The spectroscopic analogy, in especial, which might have been expected to attend and confirm the visual resemblance of nebulae to comets, proves doubtfully discernible. It is true that two small comets, observed by Dr. Huggins in 1866 and 1867, showed, when within a few days of their respective perihelion-passages (Mr. Lockyer inadvertently states them to have been at aphelion) a green ray of about the same refrangibility as the chief nebular line; but exact coincidence could not, at that early stage of light-analysing science, be ascertained; nor, even if it had been, is there the smallest ground for regarding the appearance as part of a regular sequence of cometary spectral changes. Undeniable, on the other hand, are the circumstances of contrast; first, that the carbon-bands distinctive of an overwhelming majority of comets are absent from gaseous nebulae; second, that the hydrogen-lines exhibited probably by all gaseous nebulae make no show in comets. For M. von Gothard's suspicion of one of them (F) in the spectrum of the Pons-Brook's comet was too vague to deserve attention; while the statement in the work before us, that M. von Konkoly measured the F-line of hydrogen in Hartwig's comet of 1880 is plainly based upon a misapprehension. The presence of the usual bright bands, and of them alone, was proved by comparisons with a hydro-carbon vacuum-tube.

Regarding variable stars, too, we have noticed some inaccuracies. Thus it is implied, at p. 482, that the spectral and luminous changes of  $\beta$  Lyrae are concordant; that bright lines come out as the general light of the star increases, and fade as it declines. But the relation between the two kinds of phenomenon, feebly

marked at the best, tends rather to invert this more natural and obvious one. Again, the fluctuations of  $\eta$  Argus, considerably understated in amount, are assigned a seventy-year period, which they certainly do not obey; while the brief but decisive discussion raised by Mr. Abbott's false alarm of alterations in the adjacent nebula, so far from being still in progress, terminated near a score of years since.

Into the vexed question of stellar variability we cannot here enter. Suffice it to say that, although Mr. Lockyer's collision theory is, as it stands, inadmissible, its generating-idea of compositeness as a condition of variability may yet prove a valuable clue to the labyrinth of extant observations of variable stars. His speculations relative to the comparative spectra of telescopic doubles ought, moreover, to stimulate progress along this almost unexplored path. In several other branches of astrophysical inquiry his labours are already similarly fructifying; nor can we fail to recognize the extreme ingenuity and perseverance with which they have been carried on. They have not, it is true, resulted in the discovery of the treasure of knowledge they were organized to search for; but they have served so widely to spread the rumour of its existence as to ensure an abundant harvest of new truths from ample fields fertilized by the toil of many aspirants towards its possession.

#### A PERIOD OF UNEQUALLED PROGRESS.\*

UNDER the title *Studies in Statistics* Mr. Longstaff has issued a collection of papers, most of which were originally read before one or other of the learned Societies. They have all this much in common, that they are based upon statistical information; but they naturally fall into two groups, one treating of the growth of population in the European countries outside of Russia and Turkey and in the new communities peopled from them, its migrations and emigrations; the other treating of the rate of mortality in England and Wales, and some characteristics of certain diseases. The papers dealing with the latter subject are the most interesting, as they disclose, or at all events suggest, a causal connexion between diseases which either have not hitherto been supposed to be related, or which recent medical research has discriminated. But the subject is too technical to be suited for discussion in the pages of a journal of general interest like the *Saturday Review*. All the papers have this merit—by no means as common as might be expected in writers who make a parade of statistical study—that their author employs the true statistical method, and clearly recognizes throughout what statistics can and cannot prove. But in the population essays there is a lack of that freshness of treatment, that insight into tendencies, and that originality of interpretation which light up inquiries in themselves dry and uninviting. Still the figures are too suggestive and instructive to be altogether dull, however handled. They bring out more clearly, perhaps, than anything else how dependent upon mechanical inventions is the progress of civilization. Before the introduction of railways the growth of population was checked by the difficulty of providing food and the raw materials of manufacture. The slowness of locomotion made it impossible to carry any distance articles that perished quickly. Even those articles which do not so perish could be conveyed only where rivers, canals, and the sea were available. The number of men and animals requisite for a land journey made the cost of all but the most valuable merchandise prohibitive where distances were considerable. But as soon as railways, steamships, and telegraphs were introduced, it became possible to transfer the surplus population of Europe to the unsettled regions of America and Australia, there to produce food and raw materials for those who remained at home, and the time and cost of transit were so reduced that England, for example, finds it cheaper to import wheat and wool from those countries than to raise them at home. One striking result of this was that the population of England and Wales was more than doubled between 1821 and 1881. In those sixty years, that is to say, our population grew more rapidly than it had done in all the previous countless generations since man first made his appearance in these islands. Moreover, in the same time—less than two generations—accommodation more convenient, and in every sense better, was provided for the newcomers, and largely indeed, also, for the old population, than had been provided in all the previous history of the country. And all this was accomplished in spite of the Irish famine and the vast emigration from Great Britain as well as from Ireland. Another remarkable fact bearing on the same point is that, in spite of the emigration to the United States, South America, and our colonies, from the Continent as well as from this country, the population of Europe outside of Russia and Turkey increased 21 per cent. in the thirty years from 1851 to 1881. Where there had been five persons before, that is to say, there were six at the end of the thirty years, and yet millions and millions had found new homes for themselves in America, Australasia, and South Africa.

The mere multiplication of human beings without improvement of their condition would be a very doubtful benefit either to the individuals or to the world at large; but there can be no doubt at all that there has been an improvement in the condition of the

\* *Studies in Statistics*. By George Blundell Longstaff. London: Edward Stanford. 1891.



people both in Western Europe and in the newer countries. Mr. Longstaff does not deal with this branch of the subject; but every one who is at all interested in it is aware of the fact that pauperism has decreased, that wages have risen, that employment has become more plentiful, that the hours of labour have been reduced, and that generally the standard of living is higher. The material advance made is less, no doubt, than the philanthropist would wish, and there is yet too much misery in the world; but throughout Western Europe and the countries peopled from it no one can seriously dispute that the great mass of the population is better off now than it was fifty or sixty years ago. Perhaps the most convincing proof of our assertion is found in the greater political influence now wielded by the bulk of the people everywhere in Europe outside of Russia and Turkey. Whether we regard the progress of Democracy as an advantage or a disadvantage, at all events it shows that the masses now are able to organize in a way that they could not have done half a century ago, that they take an interest in questions which then lay almost altogether outside their ken, whether they decide them wisely or unwisely, and that they enjoy a far greater independence, politically and socially, compared with the other classes. One other piece of evidence is afforded by the decline in the rate of mortality, a decline which is observable elsewhere as well as in this country, but Mr. Longstaff deals with it only in England and Wales. From 1838 to 1875, inclusive, the death-rate averaged 22·3 per 1,000. During the eight years 1876-83, inclusive, it averaged only 20 per 1,000. And in the eight years from 1881 to 1888, inclusive, it averaged no more than 19·1 per 1,000. In the last eight years mentioned, the death-rates for both males and females were in every year lower than in any preceding year since the commencement of the record in 1838. It is true that, while the mortality from some diseases has fallen off in the most gratifying way, from other diseases it has increased very seriously. Still the net result as shown above is a steady and almost continuous decline in the death-rate. It may be objected that this decline is not without its drawbacks, that by keeping alive a larger proportion of weaklings than formerly it prepares the way for more inherited disease in the future. To this it may be replied, that medical science is as yet in little more than its infancy; and since it has done so much already, it may reasonably be expected to do far more in the future. But, however that may be, the point we are immediately interested in is the evidence afforded by the decline in the death-rate of the improved condition of the people generally. Make what allowance we may for sanitary reform and advance in medical skill and knowledge, a large part of the saving of life must still be attributable to the rise in the standard of living.

The population statistics are full of political as well as economic suggestiveness. Thus of the seven Great Powers, so late as 1850, the United States in respect of population stood at the bottom, Russia being first and France second. Thirty years later Russia still stood first, but the United States had become second, Germany third, Austria-Hungary fourth, and France only fifth. It is possible that by the present time the United Kingdom is quite on a par with France, but that will not be known until the Census returns are published. Meantime we would point out that the events of 1870 were only a realization on the battlefield of the changes that had been taking place for a couple of generations in the two countries engaged in the struggle. No doubt the defeat of France was aggravated by incompetence on the one side, and genius on the other. But still the fact remains that Germany was able to draw upon a larger supply of men, and her superiority in that respect is even more marked to-day. Even more full of significance for the future is the rise in the position of the United States. At the beginning of the century the population was only about equal to that of Australia at present. Now it numbers 62½ millions of souls, and it is growing at such a rate that before very long it will probably be equal even to that of Russia. It will be far in excess of the population of any other European country. Mr. Longstaff expressly excludes Russia from his review, and no doubt Russian statistics are very defective. Yet his volume loses much by the exclusion. For there is no doubt that the growth of the Russian population is proceeding at a very rapid rate. The world at large pays little attention to the phenomenon because the emigration to countries outside of the Russian Empire is quite insignificant. But the growth within the Empire, the way, for instance, in which the Russians are pouring into the provinces conquered from Turkey, and also eastward into Siberia, must have a great bearing on the history of the immediate future. It is still doubtful whether Siberia will be peopled by the Russians or the Chinese. If by the former, then Russia, if the Empire holds together for another century, must necessarily play a great part in the world. Of the still greater future apparently in store for the English-speaking people we need say nothing, as that is a commonplace in speculations regarding the future. There are a few other points of great interest we should like to touch upon if we had the space. One is the reason why population has grown so rapidly in the English-speaking communities; the German, Scandinavian, Russian, and Italian, while it has almost stood still in France, Spain, and Portugal. Another is, why the inventions of the present century, and the great industrial and commercial activity they have stimulated, have not revived Western Asia, have affected China with a mortal disease or the sickness of inoculation—it is impossible to say which yet—and have transformed Japan.

## PICTURESQUE LONDON.\*

MR. FITZGERALD has produced a very pretty book, but has not added much to our knowledge of London history. He has probably, and perhaps rightly, looked on history as "beyond his beat"; but, as he always writes pleasantly, the result of a very moderate amount of labour or original research is a volume more easy to take up than to lay down. The illustrations are the poorest part of the work, as hardly any, if any, are new; and although, of course, pictures of architectural subjects can be repeated over and over again, we like some variety in the manner of representation. We must make an exception in favour of the frontispiece, which looks new; at least, we have not seen it before. It is a "photogravure" of the Houses of Parliament by moonlight, from a drawing by Mr. Hume Nisbet. Mr. Fitzgerald does well to call attention to the works of Adam. He does not mention some beautiful houses in Adam's best style which were pulled down last year in Salisbury Street; but he has plenty to say about Fitzroy Square, which "seems like a bit of Bath"; Stratford Place, the screen of the Admiralty, Lansdowne House, and many other buildings. He notices the fine old house in Buckingham Street, now occupied by the Charity Organization Society, in which the Czar Peter lived; and he is of opinion that "Mr. Secretary Pepys" lived in the same street. The "Fox-under-the-Hill," a little tavern frequented by Dickens, which was approached by a subterranean passage from the Strand, has but lately disappeared, and some very old houses close to what was the water's edge adjoining it. Mr. Fitzgerald rightly calls attention to St. Margaret's Church, near Westminster Abbey. "No church of its size," he remarks, "is so rich in tombs and tablets, all of which are more or less interesting." He gives the odd verses on the Queen's Jubilee which Browning wrote for one of the windows, and which end with the inexplicable line—

Wondrous and well, thanks, Ancient Thou of days!

They prove, at all events, that Browning would have made but an indifferent poet-laureate. In noticing St. Anne's, Soho, Mr. Fitzgerald mentions "Mr. Venus," one of Dickens's characters. Why does he not remind us of the two shops which were lately on the north side of the Strand, nearly adjoining each other, one of which had "Venus" over the door, and the other "Milo"? By the way, he spells the name of Theodore, King of Corsica, as "Newhoff"; should it not have been "Neuhoff"? Mr. Fitzgerald is very carefully correct as to Laurence Sterne's death, burial, and subsequent fate. He is fully convinced that "the Shandean," as he calls him, was dug up and anatomized at Cambridge, and gives the names of certain people concerned in the transaction. He is certainly right in pointing out the absurd mistakes in the epitaph in the Tyburn burying-ground. Mr. Fitzgerald is also right in showing his wrath at Mr. Shaw Lefevre's absurd alterations at Hyde Park Corner. It carries him away so much that he seems to splutter:—"a sort of unmeaning triangular slope has been cleared," he says, "and the arch has been carted away and placed at an extraordinary and unmeaning angle." We fully sympathize with Mr. Fitzgerald in his indignation, but his two "unmeanings" tend to weaken his sentence. Everybody must lament the change, and look forward to the return of the arch to the place for which it was designed, and the erection on its present site of the beautiful screen Decimus Burton drew so carefully to form an entrance to the Green Park. "The arch," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "should have been left where it was, even though it stood isolated." Of course; but we cannot agree with him when he adds, "the mischief is now done, and seems irreparable." It is easily reparable. Sir J. E. Boehm's horse and its rider is very little, if at all, better than Wyatt's, and might very safely be put on the top of the arch; while the pot-bellied soldiers which stand at the angles might be relegated to a museum of military costume and appropriately coloured. Mr. Fitzgerald's architectural criticism is generally sound; but why does he admire the Junior Athenæum Club, at the corner of Down Street, and why does he say it was built by Mr. Beresford Hope? There are some excellent remarks on Burlington House as it was before the Royal Academy got it; and a quotation of Sir William Chambers's criticism on the London palaces which look like convents. Chambers was the author of the oft-repeated sentence:—"Few in this city suspect that behind an old brick wall in Piccadilly there is one of the finest pieces of architecture in Europe." He also tells an anecdote of Lord Chesterfield, who said of another house designed by Burlington that, "to be sure he could not live in it, but intended to take the house over against it to look at it." Of Burlington House as it is now, Mr. Fitzgerald does well to quote Fergusson's opinion to the effect that it is an example "to show how easy it is to destroy even the best buildings by ill-judged additions or alterations," and his conclusion that "what a few years ago was one of the most elegant, is now one of the very worst architectural examples" in London.

When Mr. Fitzgerald treats of the City his remarks are of a similarly mixed character. How can the same architectural critic admire the Barber Surgeons' Hall and the Drapers'? And his ideas of harmony are sometimes a little odd; as, for example, when he says that Sir A. Blomfield's Bank of England, "a splendid and imposing Italian edifice," harmonizes well

\* *Picturesque London*. By Percy Fitzgerald. London: Ward & Downey.

with the Law Courts. Perhaps for "harmonizes" we should read "contrasts." A chapter is devoted to Wren's churches, and justly condemns the ill treatment to which St. Stephen's, Walbrook, has been subjected. After a rather ambiguous sentence from which a "not" seems to have been omitted, he says, "Succeeding visits to the church more and more betray the blemishes caused by modern treatment and so-called improvements. The revealing of the long bases of the columns by clearing away the pews leaves an impression that the visitor is below the level of the floor." This is not at all too strong; but the authorities have added a new wonder to their church. No one can fail to be struck with surprise at finding that any architect existed in England who dared to fancy he could improve upon Wren's design. Mr. Fitzgerald seems to be under the impression that St. Mary Woolnoth is also by Wren; but he is doubtless right in attributing St. George's, Bloomsbury, to Hawksmoor, Wren's best pupil, and in lamenting that the view of the exterior, with its "originality and dignified air," after having been revealed for a short time, is shut out by tall houses once more. He is surely mistaken in the following circumstantial account of Allhallows', Staining:—"The church was levelled, but the old tower was left, and stood solitary and picturesquely for a time. Then it also was cleared away. The churchyard was levelled, the tombstones carried off, and the whole built over and turned into a yard." There is some strange English in this, but, passing it by, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Fitzgerald has, at his last visit, turned into another court, and not that of which the tower of Allhallows forms the centre. Mr. Fitzgerald naturally has a good deal to say about St. Etheldreda's Chapel in Holborn, of which Roman Catholics have a right to be proud, but with characteristic carelessness he mentions Bishop "Kirkely," where the name should be "Kirkby." No London historian should be unfamiliar with the name of the stern but adroit judge who contrived to take the City "into the King's hands," by a legal decision; and so enabled Edward I. to carry out his reforms unhampered by a Mayor or a Corporation. St. Etheldreda's, Mr. Fitzgerald informs us, "was put up to auction, by order of the Court of Chancery, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard," in 1874. Sir Gilbert Scott was among those present. After some bidding the chapel was sold to "a Mr. McGuinness of the Royal Exchange. Who was this gentleman? What would he do with his purchase? It became known that the chapel had passed into the hands of the Order of Charity directed by Father Lockhart." Mr. Fitzgerald does not mention the price. Although five pages are devoted to Ely Place, there is not a word about the Hattons or Bishop Wren.

There are several pages about the Old Cock Tavern, in Fleet Street, and its fate. Mr. Fitzgerald seems to have taken much interest in this classical eating-house, and writes its history in detail. When the Law Courts were built, and every old house near the Cock had disappeared, "the heroic Colnett kept his ground." One morning the gilt cock, which had stood for centuries over the door, and which tradition named as the work of Grinling Gibbons himself, was missing, and it was felt that the *genius loci* had departed with it. "One day it struck the visitor that the chop had lost the old succulent flavour. It was a good chop, but had not the aroma. So marked was this that inquiry was made. 'The meat was good; the best Spiers & Pond could supply.' What! had it come to this? Spiers & Pond! Yes, it was true—the eminent caterers had taken over the place—the 'Cock' of the Plague, of Pepys, of Tennyson, and of the Templars!" This is a fair specimen of Mr. Fitzgerald's light but slipshod style. The narrative goes on a little further, and we learn that before long the "Cock" was closed, hoardings were put up, and the last remains of the old house were pulled down. One of the famous old tankards, "a pint pot neatly graven," was sent to Lord Tennyson; and Mr. Fitzgerald prints the poet's brief letter of thanks. The old bird, recovered—Mr. Fitzgerald does not tell us how—flourishes above the door of a reconstructed tavern over the way, where the curious may see the old mahogany boxes, the fireplace, and the tankards unto this day. In a quotation in a footnote, the woodwork is mentioned as being of oak of the time of James I.; but Mr. Fitzgerald neither reconciles the discrepancy nor names his authority. The "goodwill" was valued by a jury at 11,000*l.*, and it was proved that the profits had been 2,000*l.* a year. "Counsel for the lessee, in addressing the Court on the amount of award, said he had himself seen only that day three of Her Majesty's judges at luncheon hour in the neighbouring law court, sitting over their chop and pewter of London stout in the Cock." This anecdote has the ambiguity of Mr. Fitzgerald himself about it; and no explanation is offered of the fact that three of Her Majesty's judges were in two places at once "like a bird."

Mr. Fitzgerald's remarks on the National Gallery are, to say the least, original, and will amuse the reader if they do not greatly instruct him.

#### HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.\*

**A** CLERGYMAN with sufficient knowledge and ability for the task could scarcely undertake a more worthy work than

\* *History of the Church of England for Schools and Families.* By the Rev. A. H. Hore, M.A., Trinity College, Oxford, Author of "Church and No Church" &c. Oxford and London: Parker & Co. 1891.

that attempted in this volume, which is written with the object of instructing young people in the history of the Church of England. There is no surer safeguard against schism than is derived from an acquaintance with the character and historical basis of the claims which the Church makes upon the loyalty of its members, and we therefore welcome the Rev. A. H. Hore's book as a means of spreading much sound information about the Church's history. While writing specially for young people, he has wisely refrained from adopting a different style of treatment from that which would be equally appropriate in a book for more advanced students. His work has some faults; but it must be remembered that he has had to deal with a large, complex, and as regards some at least of its parts a very difficult, subject, and to deal with it in the small compass of one moderately sized volume. We are informed in the preface that the whole has been compiled principally from original sources. This implies an enormous amount of reading; and while we, of course, accept the author's statement, we are bound to say that we should not have supposed that it was so had we only had our own judgment to guide us. It is not because we find occasional mistakes in his work that we should have been led to believe that he had derived his information principally from second-hand, though for the most part trustworthy, authorities; but because we fail to discern in his book the freshness and vigour which almost always appear in histories based on contemporary records. After some brief notices of Christianity in Britain before the time of St. Augustine, Mr. Hore devotes eight chapters to the history of the Church of England down to the death of Wicliffe. These chapters are, in our opinion, with the exception of his sketch of quite recent events, the best part of his book; the arrangement of the matter is good, and many of the most important points in the history are well brought out. Some passages, however, seem to betray imperfect knowledge. Among these we may name the account of the monastic reform in the reign of Edgar, and the short notice of the disputes between the Archbishops of Canterbury and York after the Norman Conquest. While it is scarcely possible to insist too strongly on the national character of the Church of England in the Middle Ages, Mr. Hore, who rightly loses no opportunity of bringing this characteristic into prominence, is occasionally carried rather too far by his desire to exhibit it in as strong a light as possible. To couple the Greek and the Anglican Churches together as being both, in the thirteenth century, outside the Roman Communion, is wholly unjustifiable. A strange misconception occurs in the summary of the ecclesiastical policy of Edward I., who is said to have banished Archbishop Winchelsey "for adhering to a Pope when it was contrary to his wish." Edward rid himself of the Archbishop because Winchelsey had been his most troublesome political opponent; he accused him of treasonable practices, and employed the Papal authority to compel him to leave the realm. Clement V. summoned the Archbishop to his Court, and Edward would not allow him to return. A few pages are given to a somewhat perfunctory view of the New Learning in England, towards the end of which we observe, with surprise, the statement that the policy of Henry VIII. with respect to the supremacy was desired "by all men of the Old and men of the New Learning alike." At this point Mr. Hore changes his plan, and records the ecclesiastical events of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, chronicle-wise, under the years to which they belong. This change was, he tells us, forced upon him by the large amount of matter which he had to lay before his readers. Is not this a confession that he made a mistake in calculating the proportion of space required for the adequate treatment of each period of his history? His device is unfortunate, for it has deprived a large portion of his narrative of its proper interest. He certainly records a great number of facts, but we want more than this in a history; and the division of his work on two such critical periods as the Reformation and the Puritan Revolution into sections relating each a year's events necessarily prevents him from handling his subject in the manner most likely to profit his readers. The sketch of the position and work of the Church during the reign of Anne is well put together; and though the single chapter given to the remainder of the eighteenth century is far too crowded, it contains much useful information. In his last three chapters, Mr. Hore has drawn largely on his earlier book, *The Church in England from William III. to Victoria*, which we reviewed on its publication. The latest event which he mentions is the judgment of the Archbishop of Canterbury in the case of the Bishop of Lincoln. Mr. Hore is indignant at the Archbishop's decision as to his competency to hear the case without his suffragan bishops, and says that the Court had "no spiritual validity," and that the judgment is merely an Archbishop's "opinion" which will certainly be overridden by secular authority. His remarks appear to us to be unwise, but as we have already written fully on the subject, we shall not enter upon it again on this occasion.

#### RULERS OF INDIA.—LORD HARDINGE.\*

**T**HIS addition to a Series of "Rulers of India" is an exception to the rule that biographies ought not to be entrusted to near relatives. Lord Hardinge, a scholar and an artist, has given

\* *Rulers of India.* Edited by Sir William Wilson Hunter, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., M.A. Oxford, L.L.D. Cambridge. Viscount Hardinge. By his Son and Private Secretary in India, Charles, Viscount Hardinge, B.A. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1891.



us an accurate record of his father's long and distinguished services which began at Rolica and Vimeira and ended at the Horse Guards. There is no filial exaggeration. The author has dealt with some controversial matters with skill, and has managed to combine truth with tact and regard for the feelings of others.

The family of Hardinge was settled originally in Derbyshire, and the great-uncle of the Governor-General once owned property in Fermanagh which he prudently exchanged for an estate in Kent. The author, while giving sundry details about his ancestors, has, probably from want of space, omitted one anecdote which is neatly told in a note in the third volume of Lord Stanhope's *History of England*, and which we reproduce. In one of the numerous encounters that took place between Pulteney and Walpole in Parliament, the latter, on notice of an intended attack by the Opposition, replied, says the historian, with "great composure and dignity," and concluded with the well-known line from "his favourite Horace," *Nil conscire sibi* etc. Unluckily he coupled *nulli* instead of *nulla*, with *culpâ*. The custom of the time was that the leaders of adverse parties should sit together on the Treasury Bench as Privy Counsellors; an arrangement which in the present day might lead to curious results. As Walpole sat down, his rival Pulteney observed that he had made a slip in his grammar. Walpole bet a guinea he was right. The bet was taken and the dispute was referred to Mr. Nicolas Hardinge, Clerk of the House, who, of course, decided that Walpole was wrong. The guinea was at once tossed to Pulteney, who showed it to the House, with the remark:—"It is the only public money I have received for many years, and it shall be the last." The scholarly Clerk of the House was the grandfather of Sir Henry Hardinge.

Young Hardinge, as was the custom of the day, entered the army at the age of nineteen, and after studying at the Royal Military College, then at High Wycombe, served in the Peninsula, and was mentioned in despatches in connexion with all the memorable actions of that campaign. He was at the side of Sir John Moore when that officer received his fatal wound. He stood "triumphant on the fatal Hill" of Albuera, and he received a wound at Vittoria, which did not hinder him from taking part in the battles of Salamanca, the Pyrenees, Nive, and Nivelle. At Ligny, when in attendance on Blücher, he lost his left arm. Lord Hardinge told a distinguished Indian administrator, still living, that he had been reconnoitring the enemy through a field-glass, and had unluckily just dropped his arm to his side for it to receive a round shot. For the next thirty years Sir Henry Hardinge was engaged in battles of a very different kind. He sat for no less than four boroughs; was Chief Secretary for Ireland and Clerk of the Ordnance; showed himself prompt in answering questions, and became a very useful member of the Government. In all this there is, of course, nothing to distinguish him from other sound Conservative members of Parliament who vote with their chief, do their duty, prove themselves capable administrators, and carry out practical reforms in the departments over which they happen to preside.

Sir Henry Hardinge, who was made a K.C.B. in 1815, had his opportunities before him. Lord Ellenborough, who had effectively checked the power of Scindia for evil by the victories of Maharajpore and Punniar, was recalled by the Court of Directors. The "Duke," in his place in the Upper House, denounced this as the "most indiscreet act" he had ever known; and partly to appease the warrior-statesman and, it may be, with a fortunate instinct as to the particular kind of ability then required for the highest post in India, the Court replaced their rather insubordinate nominee by his connexion and friend.

The new Governor-General reached Calcutta in the height of the rainy season, about the end of July 1844; and a large part of the memoir is very properly devoted to a sketch of Sikh history after the death of Ranjit Sing, with its intrigues and assassinations, and to the four celebrated battles of Mudki, Ferozshah, Aliwal, and Sohraon. A well-equipped and disciplined force of Sikhs and Akalis, drunk with *bhang* and insolence, had, without the slightest provocation, crossed the Sutlej about the 10th of December, 1845. It recrossed the same river on the 10th of February following, routed and dispirited, and for the time crushed. The author deals with one or two incidents of the battle of Ferozshah in no spirit of disparagement to the memory of Lord Gough. This gallant old General, with the characteristic spirit of his race, was always eager to get close to his enemy. He had thrashed the Chinese. He had vanquished the Mahrattas. He was longing to chastise the Sikh invader, and promised the Governor-General a "splendid victory" if the attack were made at once. Charles, Lord Hardinge, from his own personal knowledge and recollection, shows that the Governor-General was compelled to interfere and restrain the Commander-in-Chief, and determined to wait for the arrival of Sir John Littler, who was coming up from Ferozpur with 5,000 troops and twenty-four guns. It is generally admitted that, even with this addition, Ferozshah was rather "a near thing." How night fell when the contest was still raging; how nearly every officer on the Staff of the Governor-General was either killed or wounded; how a huge cannon known as Futeh Jung played on our ranks for half the night of December 21st till it was gallantly spiked by the 80th Regiment and a company of the First Europeans; how the 3rd Light Dragoons charged so often that their horses could only trot; how the Sikh lines were carried at daybreak the next morning; and how Tej Sing, with a fresh force of 30,000 Sikhs, then made his appearance, fired a distant shot or two,

and quietly drew off, leaving us masters of the field—are facts which every subaltern ought to know by heart. Nor must the episode of the Governor-General volunteering to serve under Lord Gough, and to command a division in the field, be passed over. This act at the time was the subject of some adverse criticism. The Political Head of the Administration, it was urged, ought not to have exposed himself. In the opinion of many competent judges, civil and military, in India then and subsequently, it was a happy inspiration. The popular feeling in England was expressed in a manner not mentioned in the memoir. In a piece which in the year 1846 had a considerable run at one of the London theatres, a beautiful Princess is imprisoned by a wicked ogre in an enchanted castle. In the inevitable assault for the rescue of the lady, the knight, at the head of his followers, volunteers to waive his rank and serve under his own squire. The following couplet fairly brought down the house—boxes, gallery, and pit—

At such brave courtesy let no man scoff,  
A second Hardinge and another Gough.

In his account of a struggle with the bravest, the best-disciplined, and the most formidable opponents we had ever encountered in India, the author has really violated no confidence. He has merely given with precision and point the true version of what in its general outline was widely known and freely discussed at every mess and in every private circle in India in 1845. And we may here dispose of another criticism as to the lateness of the hour of the attack on the Sikh lines. The battle did not begin till 3 P.M. on a December afternoon, when only two hours of daylight remained. At this some writers have been much perplexed, but the explanation is simple. It was sound strategy to wait for General Littler. As soon as that gallant old officer came up, politically, and we may say strategically, it was right to dash at the Sikh lines. Comparisons have been drawn with regard to the lateness of the hour, between Chillianwala and Ferozshah. Why, it has been said, could the Commander not have waited till the next day in both instances? But whatever may be urged for Chillianwala cannot apply to Ferozshah. At the former engagement we had been following the Sikh army for weeks, in what was practically a foreign country, in the vain hope of a general engagement. At Ferozshah the Sikh army had crossed the Rubicon, and had been for more than ten days on English ground. Every native chief in Upper India was wondering when the Englishman would open the ball. After Sohraon there was no delay. The Governor-General told the Lahore Vakil who came to ask for terms, that he would give his answer "under the walls of Lahore," and to that city the victorious army repaired. It was too late in the year to conquer the whole of the Punjab, if even such a measure had been just and necessary. A neat slice of territory was annexed. We gave up Kashmir to Ghulab Sing, and in the course of a year Lord Hardinge had to put down a combination against that potentate, connived at, if not instigated by, the Lahore Durbar. The attempt to govern the Punjab in the interests of the Maharaja, a minor, by a Council of Regency acting under the guidance of the British Resident, led eventually to the second Sikh war, and the annexation of the whole kingdom. But not the less was the Governor-General warranted in the experiment which he tried.

Lord Hardinge's claim to be ranked amongst the Rulers of India must mainly depend on the force of character shown in dealing with a native Cabinet of ambitious soldiers and crafty statesmen, and on his military talents at a very eventful crisis. Yet it must not be imagined that his administration was unmarked by measures of reform. Dominic Sampson, when describing the qualifications of the various friends who were to help Henry Bertram to recover possession of Ellangowan, had pronounced Advocate Pleydell to be a man of great "erudition" who condescended to trifles unbecoming thereof, and Dandie Dinmont, though not possessed of much erudition, to be cunning in that which belonged to flocks and herds. But the great Colonel Manning, "a man of war from his birth upwards," was not the less "a man of great erudition, considering his imperfect opportunities." This, to our thinking, exactly fits the case of Lord Hardinge. Indeed, his first conferences with his responsible advisers and secretaries showed that he knew perfectly well when he should act for himself, and when he must rely on the experience and departmental knowledge of others. Placed at the head of an administration where he was Governor of Bengal without a Council, as well as the Governor-General of India, with a Cabinet, he felt that at the age of fifty-nine he could not begin to feel his way through the dense jungle of revenue and judicial laws, circulars, rules, and systems. He should, he said, look to his secretaries for information and advice. He would, in most cases, be thankful for, and be ready to act on it. But with true military frankness he warned them against misleading or misdirecting their commanding officer. As it turned out he was excellently served by the late Sir Frederick Currie and the late Sir H. Elliot; by Sir Frederick Halliday for Bengal; by the late Charles Cameron in law-making and education; and, we need scarcely add, by the brothers Lawrence. During an administration of three and a half years many useful measures were passed. Lord Hardinge laid the foundation of the railway system which was splendidly developed by his illustrious successor. He reduced the tax on salt. He recorded a valuable minute holding out to educated natives a prospect of employment in the public service, and declaring that preference should be

given to those who had shown more than an ordinary degree of merit at school and college. It may, however, be questioned whether Lord Hardinge or any of his distinguished successors during the next thirty years would have quite approved of the preposterous claims set up by the prize oxen and the fat sheep which are not seldom the outcome of our collegiate and University system in India. The ruler of Oudh was twice formally warned that persistence in maladministration could have only one result. Almost the last public act of Lord Hardinge was to take Lucknow on his way down from the Punjab to Calcutta and hold a solemn Durbar at that capital. The miserable monarch's attention was drawn to the treaty of 1801 in which Lord Wellesley had guaranteed the welfare of the people, and to the warning conveyed by such a friend to native interests as Lord William Bentinck. But, as every one knows, warnings in the East often fall on very deaf ears.

The Governor-General on his return home in January 1848 was well received by the Ministry, the Press, and the public. Lord Macaulay at one of those gorgeous banquets to which the Court of Directors were in the habit of inviting the Ministry of the day, declared in rhetorical fashion that the whole country had welcomed back Lord Hardinge with one "universal shout of admiration and applause"; and for the rest of his life he was almost always in office. He was sent to Ireland immediately on his return from India; but it did not require the conqueror of Sikhs and Akalis to restore order in a garden of cabbages or cauliflower. To the discredit of historical research, it has never been positively settled under which vegetable the gallant heroes of the Irish Rebellion took refuge. As Master-General of the Ordnance, Lord Hardinge was enabled to give a timely increase to the British artillery and to supplant the musket by the rifle; while, as Commander-in-Chief, he formed the first camp of exercise at Chobham. His private life was as pure as his public career was honourable. Lord Hardinge was the intimate friend of Peel. That he should act as second to the Duke in his duel with the late Lord Winchelsea was quite proper and becoming in the year 1829. In 1845 a member of the Governor-General's staff and household "went out," on the Esplanade at Calcutta, at the challenge of a Civil servant. The duel ended without bloodshed. A quiet allusion to the affair to a lady of high rank, at the Government House dinner-table the same day, was the only notice taken by the Governor-General.

In the list of Rulers of India Lord Hardinge, of course, cannot take his place by the side of the three great men who founded or consolidated the British Empire. His trials were not those of Lord Canning, nor as a constructive statesman is he to be placed on the same footing as Cornwallis, Bentinck, or Lawrence. But it was fortunate for India that he was at the head of affairs, holding the seals and erecting the standard, like a Roman Proconsul, at a turning point in its history. There are times when promptness and decision are of more consequence than the statesmanship which civilizes kingdoms and elaborates codes. "Fatalis dux ad excidium illius urbis servandæque patriæ, dictator dictus, omnia repente mutaverat. Alia spes, alius animus hominum, fortuna quoque alia Urbis videri."

#### SOMETHING ABOUT HORSES, SPORT, AND WAR.\*

IT would be difficult to find a more ardent admirer of the three subjects on his title-page than Mr. Constable, whose enthusiasm seems pretty equally divided amongst them; though he does not tell us, nor does it appear, that he speaks of war from the personal experience which inspires him when writing of horses and sport. He is, perhaps, throughout a trifle didactic, not to say overbearing, in his censures of all who happen to be neither sportsmen nor warriors; a little apt, too, to hang up some very battered old notions for the pleasure of pelting a few more stones at them. But his aim is always true, and he throws with such earnestness and vigour that one is inclined to pardon his occasional want of originality in the selection of cockshies. It is to be feared, however, that the opening chapter—"The Gospel of Recreation"—will miss its mark as completely as do sermons on the iniquity of staying away from church; it will never come under the notice of the sinners for whose edification it was intended; while its readers will be the very people who need no call to repentance for indifference or dislike to sport.

Like all men who are fond of and understand horses, Mr. Constable does full justice to the value of the thoroughbred whether as hunter, hack, or sire, though he need hardly have excepted cart-horses from the breeds which have been improved by an admixture of racing blood; for many farmers have already found that to cross a half-bred mare with a cart stallion is the best way of breeding for ordinary farm-work. "From the butcher's hack to Minting," says the author, "we have gained in pace and efficiency." A curious illustration of the first part of this proposition was furnished a short time ago to a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Loughborough, who having accepted a butcher's friendly offer of a lift home in his cart, made admiring comment on the pace and quality of the little animal in the shafts. "She should be able to go," replied the owner, "for she is by The Duke." "By The Duke!" said the other; "I never knew he had served half-breeds." "No more he didn't, as a rule,"

was the answer; "but we was up at Donnington with the dam of this one once when they was a-breding, and I gave the groom 10s. 6d. for a leap." Scattercash Hall as Donnington used to be, in olden time, it would have astonished even the late Marquess of Hastings to have heard this instance of his servant's venality. Perhaps, after all, the man was only actuated by a noble desire for the general improvement of our breed.

The chapter "Why is one Racehorse better than another?" is the best in the book, though calculated to make every hair of the "nick and strain" pedigree men stand on end with horror, for surely such outspoken blasphemy against their cherished creeds was never before published. Yet, unluckily for the true believers, this heresy has the ring of uncommonly sound sense. The argument is that the mystic expressions, "staying blood" or "stout blood," which we are all so fond of using, have in reality no meaning at all; that the reason one horse goes faster or stays better than another is that his conformation—in other words, his make and shape—is the most adapted for speed or endurance, though our eyes may not be practised enough to detect the difference. Like, though with many exceptions, breeds like. All great horses are true made, well-balanced animals; they have more chances at the stud, and therefore are oftener mated with well-shaped mares than their lesser brethren, so that their progeny are not only the most numerous, but have the greater hereditary possibility of being shaped so as to win races in their turn. *Appropos* of shape, it is odd that Mr. Constable does not seem to have observed for himself what he quotes as a dictum of a friend, "one of the best living judges of a racehorse" he knows—namely, that "good stayers are apt to be somewhat narrower to follow than the speedy ones," he might have added, "split up behind, light ribbed, and leggy withal"; indeed, if Venison could really stay, as is popularly believed, the picture which adorns the cover of this volume, and which has T.Y.C. writ large all over it, is not in the least likely to be a faithful portrait.

Most sensible and practical are many of Mr. Constable's remarks on the breaking-in and management of racehorses, but he goes a little too far when he says that a young one requires to be taught that a touch with the spur means that he is to make haste; the natural instinct of a horse is to spring forward when pricked, but if he swerves from or otherwise resents the spurs, far the best plan is to make the jockey ride without them. As for the whip, it would not be easy to name a case where its absence would have lost a race—there are thousands of instances to the contrary, but so long as owners are weak and jockeys arrogant, which will be to the end of time, the whip will be carried, and races thrown away through its agency. It ought to be made a badge of disgrace. The author's proposal that no young horse should ever be allowed to follow another, except in his gallops, will strike most people as ridiculous. Fancy all the two-year-olds at Newmarket trotting about singly, and in different directions, according to their own or their lads' sweet will, the trainer trying to keep them in sight, and ultimately sounding the Assembly on the trumpet! What stolen trials there would be, too, at the back of the Ditch! The advice to buyers of yearlings, though too long to quote, is good enough in its way, but the concluding sentence might be improved upon; it runs thus:—"If you were not born with a correct eye for form and proportion, don't buy yearlings at all, get somebody else to do it for you." Now the more perfect precept would have been, "Get somebody to buy who has the *yearling instinct*," for the quick recognition of early promise can best be described as an instinct or gift. Some of the men who have achieved the greatest success in this line would be puzzled to give other reasons for their wonderful purchases than that the young one *looked like going*.

The chief object of the chapter on "Roaring" is to prove that the malady is not hereditary unless the parent is of inordinate size and bad constitution, and that these two defects usually go together. The point is well argued; but no amount of argument will ever persuade people that some extra risk is not incurred by using a roaring stallion, and since for various reasons breeders are often only too willing to take the chance, there is no need to advocate greater recklessness in the matter.

On fox-preserving Mr. Constable has little to say which has not been said as well or better scores of times already. The gamekeeper comes in for a good many hard sayings, though, let it be recorded with thankfulness, that he is never once alluded to as "Mr. Velvetens." It is a pity that, amongst the many writers who have dealt with this well-worn subject, scarce one has had the hardihood to declaim against the present absurd system of over-preservation of foxes. The fact is that, so far from their not being adequately preserved, nearly every Hunt is overstocked with them; the natural result being that partridge-shooting has been spoilt, and poultry bills enormously increased; while a run after a good wild fox, that has had to work for his living and knows some country, is an event which does not occur to most packs twice in a season.

The concluding and longest chapter, on "Sport, War, and Manliness," contains much truth and is rather amusing. Mr. Constable, who considers war not only necessary but desirable, has the courage of his opinions, and sets them forth with a frankness which leaves nothing to be desired; but maxims of Christianity and texts of Scripture, perverted and strained to the support of arguments in favour of human beings cutting each other's throats on a large scale, are apt to sound slightly profane, however startling their ingenuity.

\* *Something about Horses, Sport, and War.* By H. Strickland Constable. London: Eden, Remington, & Co.



## LEIGH HUNT'S ESSAYS AND POEMS.\*

DESPITE the tyranny of an arbitrary title, and the fixed limits of a couple of volumes, the pretty little series known as the "Temple Library" has hitherto been more fortunate than most collections which hamper themselves at the outset with superfluous restrictions. It is excellently printed by the Chiswick Press; and it has in Mr. Herbert Railton an artist the delicate reproductions of whose beautiful and characteristic pen-and-ink work are sufficient to make the fortune of any literary venture which is susceptible of being illustrated by the poetized topographical sketch which he generally affects. Moreover, up to the present time authors who comply with the narrow conditions above indicated have not run short. The *Essays* of Charles Lamb; the *Poems and Plays* of Goldsmith; the *Essays* of Johnson; the *Pericles and Aspasia* of Landor, the *Poems* of Beddoes, have all not only proved themselves Good Templars, but have fallen easily into the prescribed niches provided for them, and still left something for introduction and annotation. The latest of the line is the *Essays and Poems* of Leigh Hunt. We may say at once that this is one of the happiest and best edited of them all. Leigh Hunt's work is not so well known as to be hackneyed; and, as regards his prose efforts especially, is particularly well adapted for exhibition by sample. And in Mr. R. B. Johnson, whose name and achievements are unknown to us, it has found a sympathetic and discriminating editor. Mr. Johnson's Introduction—for divers reasons not an easy one to write—is executed with great moderation and good taste; his notes are useful and not superfluous; and he has increased the value of the volumes by a Bibliography which—to those who do not already possess the now rare and costly *List, etc.*, of Mr. Alexander Ireland—will be an additional attraction. Our only fear (and it is a fear we have already felt in the case of some of the earlier volumes of the series) is that laborious work of this kind may, because it is not expected, be overlooked in books of which the first function is to be typographically and artistically attractive. For the majority of readers, solidity of learning is associated with blunt type, buckram, and bad paper; and even Magliabecchi himself might remain mute and inglorious if he worked only to the accompaniment of dandy headpieces, "handmade," and pen-sketches in brown ink.

That easy colloquial style which (oddly enough) pleased Macaulay, and irked the classic soul of Macvey Napier, is not unpleasant in the narrow compass of a small volume, although it might conceivably pall in the large acreage of a complete edition. In the scraps and snippets of a selection it is even attractive, and in many instances it is exactly suited to its theme. On "Coaches" Leigh Hunt is as interesting, and not as discursive, as Montaigne; on "My Books" he is delightful, especially in one happy passage about Warton's edition of the *Minor Poems* of Milton. In the "Old Gentleman" and the "Old Lady"—Lord Holland's favourite papers—he is gently reminiscent of Charles Lamb and Henry Mackenzie. His purely critical efforts show to least advantage; but in portraits such as those of Lamb and Coleridge, whom he knew, he is excellent. Of his poetry it is not possible to say much. "Abou Ben Adhem," "Mahmoud," the so-called Rondeau to Jenny, and some sonnets, have an accredited place in most anthologies. But the rest is silence. Among Mr. Johnson's notes he might have stated that the speech of Giovanni over Paulo in the "Story of Rimini" is an obvious paraphrase of that uttered by Sir Ector de Maris over the body of Lancelot in the last chapter of Malory; and it may be observed that, as once pointed out in these pages, the last words of Prior's secretary at p. 86, i., are given corruptly by Hunt. It should not be "Secretar" is but the one Dutch word "Secretaris." So it appears, in fact, in its first form, in Prior's *Miscellaneous Works* of 1740, where the verses are simply entitled "Written at the Hague, In the year 1696."

## DENMARK.†

IN these days of extended knowledge there are two ways, and it seems to us but two, in which information about continental countries may advantageously be presented to us. The one is by the writings of Englishmen of cultivation and experience, who have made sections of Europe their special study, and are prepared to describe them with elegance and precision from the English point of view. In this case we have a right to demand style, familiarity with the best English thought, and an accomplished view of life. The books of this class must, in their degree, belong to English literature; and a greater exactitude—which, after all, can only be comparative—is no balance to a want of form and literary atmosphere. The other way is, by means of translation, to obtain the latest and most valuable results of the labour of native writers. In the first case any lack of exact

knowledge is made up for by the correctness of the English standpoint. In the second, all deficiencies in English style and sympathy are redeemed by the absolute textual accuracy of the facts. Between these two classes, it appears to us, there is no longer any selection. We must choose between the Englishman who gives us his impressions finely, and the native who gives us his statements exactly.

The volume before us is a valuable example of the second of these classes. It is now published, we believe, simultaneously in Danish, English, and French, and the two translated versions seem to proceed from Copenhagen itself. We have not yet seen the Danish original, but the names of the authors assure us that it is well written. We hope that the Dano-French may approach a little nearer to the French of Paris than the Dano-English does to the language of our islands. The editor wishes, in his preface, that "the specific Danish should be seen and heard in the foreign garb." We can assure him that this modest wish has been fulfilled, for we are incessantly reminded, in the evolution of the translator's sentences, of what the Danish must be. Yet nothing here is actually incorrect, or so oddly put as to alter the meaning or disguise it. We are conscious of a comical stiffness, but it is not more disturbing than the ordinary conversation of a foreigner thoroughly acquainted with our language. We never, perhaps, suppose the speaker to be an Englishman, but we are in no doubt about his meaning. Let us hasten to say that, in spite of the style, no work on Denmark exists in our language which is so valuable or so minutely exhaustive as this excellent compendium by Dr. Weitemeyer.

The subject is divided into sections, and treated by various competent hands. Dr. Weitemeyer himself signs a short summary of Danish history, the earlier portion of which shows a wise revolt against that burden of traditional legend which encumbers most Danish histories at their outset. The writer gives a succinct account of the events which led to the two Slesvig-Holstein wars, and treats the melancholy story of 1864 clearly and without passion. The geography of Denmark is also described by the editor, in a series of chapters on the Sea and the Coasts, the Country, the State and People, Topography, and the Dependencies and Colonies. In the matter of spelling proper names, Dr. Weitemeyer is very unbending. He insists on Kjöbenhavn for Copenhagen (but, if so, why not the more modern Köbenhavn?), on Fyn for Funen, and on Helsingör for Elsinore. So that we are not forced to write Chippinghaven for the capital of Denmark, as some pedants desire, we care not what we call it: only its name, in English, happens to be Copenhagen. But if we spell Jutland Jylland we seem to disguise part of our own history, and Zealand is positively unrecognizable to English eyes in Sjælland. Dr. Weitemeyer is, nevertheless, right to be absolutely consistent.

The chapters on language and literature are entrusted to Mr. H. Schwanenflügel. These are the least satisfactory part of the volume, being dry and uncritical. We know not what is the use to a foreigner, or for that matter to a native, of such statements as this, which comprises all the purely critical opinion of Mr. Schwanenflügel on one of the greatest Danish writers of the eighteenth century:—"The same year" (1785) "Baggesen's 'Comical Tales' came out. They were written in the style of Wieland and Wessel, and were very successful." One needs to know all about Wieland and Wessel to obtain even the ghost of a meaning from this sentence, which is, moreover, entirely incorrect. The *Komiske Fortællinger*, written when Baggesen was a youth, form a very unimportant part of his production, while to represent him as simply writing "in the style" of two other people is to give a very curious reason for his fame and influence. This is an instance of the disadvantage which native criticism may possess. A foreign student, well trained in comparative literature, would probably give a far more valuable judgment on a poet like Baggesen, although his knowledge of Baggesen's language might be imperfect in comparison with Mr. Schwanenflügel's. The latter is seldom wrong in matters of fact; but to say that Holger Drachmann is "under the sway" of Georg Brandes is to state what is notoriously the opposite of the truth. It is like saying that Professor Freeman is under the sway of Mr. Froude. The chapter on Danish Art is admirably written by Professor Julius Lange, and Mr. Anguel Hammerich is interesting on Danish Music. Mr. Schwanenflügel treats the Danish Stage with more sympathy and felicity than he shows in literary criticism. But he talks of the great actress, Mme. Heiberg, who had long retired, and who died in 1890, as if she were still on the boards. This, and some remarks about the subjection of the secondary theatres to the Royal Playhouse, give an impression that this part of the volume has not been brought so completely up to date as the rest.

Danish Law, the Constitution, and the Law of Succession are dealt with fully by Mr. V. A. Secher, and the economical and social conditions of Denmark and its statistics by Dr. Marcus Rubin. Of the utility of this volume there can be no question. No one who writes about Denmark in this country can afford to dispense with a reference to it. It contains a full bibliography of each branch of the subject, and a tolerably good map.

\* The *Essays and Poems* of Leigh Hunt. Selected and Edited by Reginald Brimley Johnson. With Introduction. "Temple Library." London: Dent & Co. 1891.

† Denmark: its History and Topography, Language, Literature, Fine Arts, Social Life and Finance. Edited by H. Weitemeyer. With a coloured map. London: W. Heinemann.

## NEW PRINT.

WE have received from Messrs. Frost & Reed, of 8 Clare Street, Bristol, an artist's proof of "Dummy Whist," a new etching published by them from a picture by Mr. W. Dendy Sadler. The etcher is M. E. Gaujean. We do not know what has induced the publishers to append to the title of this proof the remark, "An exceedingly artistic work"; they should leave us to find that out for ourselves. We are but human, and this *obiter dictum* roused in us the desire to reply by the statement, "This is not at all an artistic work." Justice, however, refuses us this pleasure; M. Gaujean's etching is excellent in the distribution of its lights and the values of its surfaces. It renders all the popular qualities of Mr. Sadler's pleasing picture, and adds a certain distinction of tone to them. The composition represents three elderly gentlemen, a little flushed after an admirable dinner, playing dummy whist on the mahogany, from which a handsome damask table-cloth has been half rolled back. A Constable on the wall has probably but lately left that artist's easel. The picture is eminently agreeable, in the old-fashioned and genial manner which has made Mr. Sadler's art welcome to the general public. The illumination of the flowered carpet and of the table, as well as of the three heads of the players, deserves commendation.

## THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, PAST AND PRESENT.\*

THE narrative part of this history closed with the third volume, which traced the development of the Scottish Church from the Revolution settlement to the present day. This fourth volume introduces an element which was announced in the editor's preface, but which, as far as we recollect, is a novelty, at least in recent historical literature. It contains two dissertations—the one on the Church in relation to the Law and the State, the other on the development of doctrine in the Church. These are to be followed, in the fifth and final volume, by three others on the Ritual, the Discipline, and the Patrimony of the Kirk. The intention of these dissertations is to present, in a compact form and without the intrusion of mere historical accessories, those aspects of the constitution and character of the Church which their titles suggest.

This plan seems to us a sound one; and in the two dissertations before us has been carried out with unquestionable ability. That upon the Church in its relation to the Law and the State is from the pen of Dr. Andrew MacGeorge, a well-known Scottish archaeologist and writer upon ecclesiastical law, who has already contributed in many separate publications to the elucidation of the problems, obscure to any but a Scottish intelligence, involved in what has been popularly called "the ten years' conflict," or, in other words, the controversy between the constitutional and evangelical parties in the Scottish Church, which ended in the secession of 1843.

Dr. MacGeorge's statement of the relations gradually formed in pre-Reformation times between the Church and the State, and of the changes which passed on these in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, strikes us as extremely well informed and so lucid as to be easily understood, even by the uninitiated. His examination of the causes which led up to the Free Kirk secession and of the "claim of right," in which the seceding party formulated their demands for what they called spiritual independence, but which was, in fact, the old Papal claim of ecclesiastical supremacy, is exhaustive, and in its conclusions we should say unanswerable. The only objection we have to make to his treatment of his subject is, that he does not confine himself to it with sufficient closeness, but frequently seems to forget that his dissertation has been preceded by a full historical narrative which renders his references to historical details at many points unnecessary.

The dissertation on doctrine, by the Rev. Dr. Milroy, does not err in this respect, and is as concise as it is scholarly and comprehensive. It is impossible to read it without recognizing, as we do with pleasure, the great gulf which separates the modern Scottish theologian from certain Puritanic Calvinists among his ancestors.

The tone of the whole review of the dogmatic development is singularly liberal, and the divergence between the rigid Westminster standards and the actual teaching of the Church at the present day is pointed out with a frankness which is in itself a proof of the wise tolerance which we believe now animates the great majority of the Scotch clergy. The Church which produces such apologists and theologians as Mr. MacGeorge and Dr. Milroy must exercise a most wholesome influence, both morally and intellectually, upon the nation in which she represents the national religion.

## REPRESENTATIVE IRISH TALES.†

"IRISH Tales," yes; "compiled" (the wise it call) from books in modern English; but why "representative"?

\* *The Church of Scotland, Past and Present*. Vol. IV. Edited by Professor Storey, D.D. Glasgow and London: Mackenzie & Co.

† *Representative Irish Tales*. Compiled, with an Introduction and Notes, by W. B. Yeats. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mainly, one opines, because Emerson jargoned of Representative Men. But representative of what? "Darby Doyle's Visit to Quebec" is representative only of the old Dublin Penny Journal and that killing kind of humour which lives by stupid puns forced into the mouth of a stupider mannequin. "The Jackdaw" has nothing Irish about it—it too is stupid to the limit where the dolthead differentiates into the idiot—and is representative of a common old chapbook, not Irish but of the English Pale. The other tales are representative of their authors' peculiar styles; of the formalism of Miss Edgeworth, of the rickety stiffness of the Banims, of the uncouth work of Carleton, of Lever's Harry Rollicking, of Lover's small but handy wit, of Gerald Griffin's gentle and decorous mediocrity. And the whole collection is representative more than anything else of the enterprise of Messrs. Putnam, who have annexed and are making—nuggets out of them. And very pretty the Knickerbocker Nuggets continue, though we wish they could invent some way of not sticking their dainty little leaves together; for their first separation now calls for a part of the anxious care that the head of Douban, the physician, urged upon the Greek King. *Evitanda* also are the numerous misprints, especially in the dialect words.

Mr. W. B. Yeats writes himself down an American tourist in so far as Ireland is concerned, and makes sad blunders in his subject too, even to calling Lefanu Lefevre, citing one of Carleton's longer tales as "Crohars of the Bellhook," and misnaming Gerald Griffin's Covent Garden tragedy "Gessipus," instead of *Gisippus*; or, the *Forgotten Friend*. His style is mountainous even about mice. "The deep earth song of the peasant's laughter" is very fine and large, after *La Terre*; and the tourist, says Mr. W. B. Yeats, thinks the "mendicants" that follow him are types of Irish poor people; "he does not know that they are merely a portion of the velvet of the aristocracy now fallen in the dust." This is also very grand, but scarcely filling at the *prir fort* of a dollar a nugget. Miss Rosa Mulholland too, who "is the novelist of contemporary Catholic Ireland," has not the square-built power of our older writers—Banim, Carleton, and their tribe." Round-built, by the way, would, in view of the famous Towers, have had more local colour about it, and would have been just as foolish.

That Maria Edgeworth's first novel, *Castle Rackrent* (here given the first place in full), is "a great novel," and "one of the most inspired chronicles written in English," are beliefs that we would not for worlds disturb in the mighty mind of Mr. W. B. Yeats; but if Macaulay (and he was capable of much) ever did say, as Mr. W. B. Yeats says he said, that the scene in the same *précieuse* Maria's "Absentee," in which Lord Colambre discovers himself to his tenantry, was "the best thing of its kind since Homer wrote the 22nd Book of the Odyssey," then we unhesitatingly adopt the Irish stuffgown's oracular summing-up of him: "Bab was a quare fellow!"

Were we asked, at a word, to place some of these tales, we should say that Maginn riots in a long way in front with the ever-re-readable "Father Tom and the Pope"; which one generally takes up, however, in *Tales from Blackwood*. But it is to be presumed that Messrs. Putnam's Sons have settled all that with Edinburgh. The second place might be assigned to Carleton's "Battle of the Factions," rough as it is; and Miss Mulholland (in spite of her want of square-built etceteras) would come home third with "The Hungry Death"; although her botany and her agriculture are so poorly that she thinks "potato-seed" is all one with seed-potatoes. One of the best little strokes of the typical Irish peasant-wit in these tales is hers, when Brigid Lavelle's old father is joking in his last illness and says to her, "It's time I was gettin on wid me purgatory, ashthoreen!" In fact she is almost the only one who gives us anything of the "Kindly Irish of the Irish"; the rest directed their best energies to forcing that stage business and gag of the screaming farcical kind which could once "shake cobwebs from the rafters." "The Hungry Death," too, prompts a practicable wish that Mr. Balfour's light railways may bring the far-Western fish and the markets for it more closely acquainted.

In the folklore line Griffin's "Owney and Oowney-na-Peak," with its strange cat-legends, would have been a much better choice than his "Knight of the Sheep"; and the Irish type of cannyness is delicately enough indicated in Lover's "Barney O'Reirdon." "I'm as proud as a horse wid a wooden leg this minit," says Barney; and Paddy the Piper "played 'The Hare in the Corn' that you'd think the very dogs was in it." By the way, no proper Irishman ever said of potheen, as Lover misstated, that "there's not a headache in a hogshead of it." The saying and the hogshead, the Bordeaux hogue, both referred to claret. And Mr. W. B. Yeats should have given us a note—his notes are rare in at least two senses—about "the Hushians." They were the Hessian troops that rode down the Croppies; and the proverb still runs, "Kill a Hushian for yourself," which the Irish pikeman who was wearing the Hessian boots said to the other Irish pikeman that wanted to take them *or* him.

A protest (perfectly useless *du reste*) may here be entered against the botchers who distort unnatural fun out of Irishisms. Carleton wrote, "It is the great battle, however, which I am after going to describe"; which is pure nonsense as English, and equally impossible as Irish-English. And Lover is answerable for "It's a short thrial an' a long rope the Hushians ud be after givin' you." This is an ungrammatical and unreal use of *after* as a tense-denoter, and it is distressingly common—as "I'll be after"—in the English stage-Irishman's mouth. But the only admissible Irish use of this adverb-particle is given two pages off



by Lover himself: "I'm afther hangin' an owld sack an' me own petticoat agin it, a while ago"; and so Maginn used it in his interview with Blackwood (May 1820): "Arn't you after writin' to one Scott, there?" It can only be employed of an action that is past and completed, that is *plusquamperfectum*. "All others are spurious."

#### DISRAELI AND HIS DAY.\*

WE have always thought that Thackeray was hard on Captain Sumph. His little anecdotes about Byron and Shelley and himself were not of momentous interest, but at least they were about Byron and Shelley. There is nothing momentous in Sir William Fraser's gossip about Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Palmerston and Count d'Orsay and himself; but still they are concerned with Lord Palmerston and Lord Beaconsfield.

They called him Peter, I repeat,  
Because it was his name,

says the Bab Balladist, and so we call Lord Beaconsfield Lord Beaconsfield. Sir William Fraser, with the familiarity of an old and excessively candid friend, says "Disraeli," but we cannot all be old, nor friends. He has not shown towards Lord Beaconsfield what that statesman calls "the mercy of his silence." He tells us a good deal about Lord Beaconsfield's brown liveries, which were not well made, about his hair dye, about the gold chains with which he adorned his velvet waistcoat, about his velvet trousers, about his wife's age, about his being dreadfully bored before dinner, and waking up in the course of that meal.

"DISRAELI'S MAIN OBJECT in early life was to make himself conspicuous, at all costs and all hazards. A better bred man would not have done this." Nor, perhaps, would an old friend of a less candid habit have published the remark, which may be called superfluous. "Disraeli had not been at a public school," is a remarkable contribution to history. "His repeated efforts to get himself talked about were all part of an ignoble but profitable comedy." A little kindness in criticism might add that the young Disraeli, like many other young people, was really and naturally fond of splendour in costume. If he had not liked gold chains and velvet coats, we may be pretty sure that he would not have worn them merely to get notoriety. All young men like the gaudy; hence the number and splendour of their ribbons, and the glory of their blazers. Few have the courage of their tastes when it comes to green velvet trousers. "He could be dismal, not pathetic." "Soon after I first knew Disraeli he discoursed on Life and a Career; he exaggerated the advantages of physical beauty." This was not unnatural, if in youth he really was as handsome as in Maclise's drawing, a Hebrew Apollo. Sir William Fraser remembers his saying, in a lugubrious tone, "Wait till you are no longer irresistible." Was this remark, in the circumstances, dismal, or pathetic, or humorous? Sir William, speaking as one who knows, says that had "he been exceptionally handsome he would have known how exceptionally handicapped are those who possess this supposed advantage." Few of us know; we are not handsome enough to be handicapped, and are unacquainted with the misfortune of ceasing to be irresistible. Sir William thinks that Lord Beaconsfield was "brilliant in talking before women, not in talking to them." Only ladies much older than Sir William can be quite sure whether this is a correct opinion or not. The few who knew Lord Beaconsfield before he ceased to be irresistible are not numerous. The following anecdote is of extreme importance to the historian. "In the first Parliament in which I sat, Disraeli wore his frock coat open, displaying his plush waistcoat; he had a nervous trick difficult to describe. It was this. He raised both forearms from the elbow, as if struck with a sudden idea of throwing the lappels of his coat wide open; but invariably failed to accomplish his object; he touched each lappel with the points of his finger and thumb, producing no effect upon the coat." As to his religious opinions, he never said anything to anybody, as far as Sir William Fraser is aware. Once when Sir William went to dine with him, he replied to that historian's remarks by feeble groans. "I felt that he could not survive the night. Within a quarter of an hour, all being seated at dinner, I observed him talking to the Austrian Ambassador, Count Apponyi, with extreme vivacity; during the whole of dinner their conversation was kept up; I saw no sign of flagging." An unkind critic might suggest that it was fortunate Mr. Disraeli did not on that night dine alone with Sir William. Probably, however, the soup revived the statesman. To feel half dead before dinner is not a very uncommon symptom. Sir William kindly mentions a theory that his friend took opium. Lord Beaconsfield, we learn, was no great trencherman. On an historic occasion his dinner was of tapioca pudding. At country houses he was bored into taking an interest in his meals—so Sir William informs us. He also tells us that Lord Beaconsfield was no scholar, and implies that he was a confirmed humbug. For Sir Stafford Northcote relates that he used to carry Sophocles about, and did not care much for Æschylus. He could not read Æschylus, nor Homer, nor Herodotus. He got his mythology, "no doubt," "from that encyclopædia of filth forced into the hands of every schoolboy of

thirteen—Lemprière's Dictionary." Perhaps; yet Sir Stafford Northcote, the "well-intentioned and guileless being," believed that his Chief knew and read Greek. Now Sir Stafford, who may be was not so extremely innocent, was a scholar, and, if we maybe pardoned for saying so, Sir William's is "lady's Greek without the accents." Sir Stafford had seen Mr. Disraeli "look cheerful." Sir William never did. The guileless being may have been "further ben" in Lord Beaconsfield's confidence than the candid friend. Sir William's own remarks about Agricola and "the English" are guileless in the extreme. "Disraeli has written that the British race are the most enthusiastic in the world. Agricola, our earliest critic, remarked that they were the most cynical; the latter spoke, no doubt, of the English; the Highlanders gave him no opportunity of testing them." This is *uncombe*. Perhaps the most interesting of Sir William Fraser's notes are those on the Reform Bill of 1867. He maintains that it was Lord Derby's rather than Mr. Disraeli's measure, partly on the authority of Mr. Ralph Earle. And he quotes Mr. Bernal Osborne's remark to a Tory, "Every one knew that we were blackguards; but we thought that you were gentlemen." He does not care for Mr. Bright. "Of all men that I have ever seen in public life the man most full of splanetic bitterness and vanity was John Bright." Sir William then quotes an effusion of his own, containing the following remark, which is worthy of his observations on Agricola. "A little known essay of Milton's, *de breechibus non portandis*, containing an epigram by the venerable poet on a pair of breeches worn by Nell Gwynne, was observed under Mr. Bright's arm." This is facetious. Let us end with a gem. "One question, which mankind has never determined, I can now settle. On the evidence of Sir Thomas Henry, Disraeli did wear rings outside his gloves." History tells the same tale of Penderennis.

Sir William's anecdotes will divert some readers, and should offend more.

#### HISTORY OF MODERN CIVILIZATION.\*

IT may well be doubted whether it is possible to treat the history of European civilization satisfactorily in a handbook of this sort. The subject is too vast and too complex to be presented fairly in a summary which aims at giving its readers facts as well as theories, and the smattering of knowledge about an enormous number of different matters to be gained from these pages is not likely to do anyone much good. We certainly do not believe that this volume will fulfil the hope of the translator and editor by stimulating young readers to pursue historical studies; indeed, it seems to us calculated to produce the contrary effect; nor can we imagine that "older students" will find it helpful, except possibly as a book of reference of no special authority, while even for that purpose the lack of an index renders it comparatively useless. It is impossible to conceive how anyone, with even the most superficial knowledge of English literature, for example, will find himself the better for having this knowledge "grouped together"—to adopt the translator's words—by such passages as that in which Ben Jonson, Bacon, Hobbes, Milton, Bunyan, Samuel Butler, and Dryden, are all noticed and dismissed in a couple of pages. The book is a translation, with some alterations and additions, of the latter part of a French school-book, entitled *Histoire Sommaire de la Civilisation*, by M. Ducoudray, published in 1886. The earlier part was translated into English two years ago by the Rev. J. Verschoyle, who is, we presume, from the initials J. V. appended to the preface, responsible for the volume before us. It extends from the beginning of the Christian era to the present time, and contains a vast quantity of information on many subjects, generally arranged with much skill. Some sentences might be amended with advantage. Among them is one which tells us that "the conference at Whitby made the purely English (*sic*) a branch of Rome"; the description of Charlemagne as "a wild founder of many colonies" is scarcely as intelligible as we could wish, nor is the remark that Protestantism "rarely proscribed, excepting for Sunday, any working days," happily expressed. The contemptuous neglect of the Eastern Empire is a more serious flaw, and for this at least M. Ducoudray is accountable. As the translator claims to have, where necessary, rectified his author's treatment of English matters, we are surprised that he has allowed the name of Matthew Paris to remain in a list of French historians. The correction of one statement made by M. Ducoudray itself stands in need of correction. Adopting the theory advanced by Lyttelton and Hume, and advocated by the Abbé de la Rue, M. Ducoudray attributes the Bayeux tapestry to the Empress Matilda; his translator says that it was worked by the "royal hands" of Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, and adds in a footnote that it was probably executed for Bishop Odo, leaving his readers to imagine that it was a present from Matilda to her brother-in-law. There is, of course, no ground for attributing the tapestry to either Matilda. To go on to later days, we should not have said that England laid the foundation of its colonial empire during the war with Napoleon; that surely had been done

\* *Disraeli and his Day*. By Sir William Fraser, Bart., M.A., Christ Church, Oxford. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. 1891.

\* *The History of Modern Civilization: a Handbook based upon M. Gustave Ducoudray's Histoire Sommaire de la Civilisation*. With Illustrations. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1891.

earlier. In spite, however, of a few blemishes, M. Ducoudray's book is really a remarkable achievement, and we should accord it a welcome in its English garb, were we not convinced that even the best handbook on such a subject is a very doubtful blessing. The illustrations are few in number, and for the most part bleared and ugly; they are all, we think, taken from the blocks used for the French edition.

#### THE CATHEDRAL PRAYER-BOOK.\*

CLERGYMEN and all the denizens of "quires and places where they sing" ought to be very much obliged to Sir John Stainer and Mr. Russell for bringing out this book. It does for the intoned service what *Hymns Ancient and Modern* has done for the service of song. Forty years ago it was only in cathedral churches that a service was intoned, and then but carelessly. A few smaller churches, especially in London, such as the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and the Temple, always had a choral service; but a few others were called hard names because their incumbents tried to infuse a little warmth by intoning, and the rest read. What this reading was we can hardly conceive nowadays. A dull service, a service in which everything depends on the sermon, is now in London and the suburbs a rarity—nay, recent travellers report that in the uttermost parts of the earth sweet music abounds at ordinary "prayers," and "their voices are heard among them." Any one, for example, who chanceth upon Suez, or upon Albany, will be charmed with the choral service, which in the former case is the more remarkable, because there is not "any parson abiding to have cure of souls," to quote an old Act relating to the Tower of London. "By distant nations is our language spoke, and part of Flanders hath received our yoke;" or, to put the matter more delicately, there are few places within the limits of that zone upon which we have heard that the sun never sets where the grand old music of Merbecke and Cranmer may not be heard Sunday by Sunday, rendered with more or less fidelity, as the case may be, and as the possibilities of obtaining uniformly pointed and noted prayer-books have been greater or smaller.

In the volume before us an attempt is made—and it seems to us a very successful attempt—to remedy the state of things thus described in the Preface:—"The Music of the Versicles and Responses—Festal as well as Ferial—and a Psalter and Canticles pointed for chanting are almost indispensable for the careful and accurate rendering of a Choral Service. And yet, hitherto, it has been scarcely possible to procure these, unless in separate numbers; involving, not only much additional expense, but also the disadvantage arising from the continual shifting of books during Service time, which is such a hindrance to a devout participation in Divine Worship." Any clergyman will agree in these expressions of the editors, and will look on the new volume as a boon, if the publishers can see their way to supplying it at a low rate, especially if they can issue a small edition for use at the altar and in the reading-desk. Such a book, without the extravagance of the fine volumes issued some thirty years ago from the Chiswick Press, ought at least to pay its expenses.

The volume now published is only the size of a large octavo prayer-book. It contains the ordinary text of the Book of Common Prayer in full, reprinted mainly after the Sealed Book preserved in the Tower of London. Merbecke, Tallis, and the Ancient Plain-Song Melody have been chiefly followed for versicles, responses, and all those parts of the service in which the help of the congregation is most required by the reader. For the rest, we remark a very good representative series of chants for the daily Psalms—only noting a paucity of double chants, for which, in their places, there is more need than the editors seem to see. The Proper Psalms are put in a place by themselves, to the great comfort of nervous young curates and others using this book. By the way, we may remark that one or two characteristic and praiseworthy features of the Sealed Book are overlooked. In the Thanksgiving, for example, "that we shew forth Thy praise" is better in the older version, "that we may shew forth"; and the "Prayer that may be said after any of the former" ought certainly to be put after the "Prayer for all conditions of men." We observe, too, but not as finding fault, that the almost universal cadences in the General Confession are, perhaps rightly, omitted.

#### LIFE AND LETTERS OF ROBERT BROWNING.\*

IT is no ill compliment to Mrs. Sutherland Orr, but the reverse, to say that we took her book up with a slight apprehension, and put it down with complete relief, not at having finished it, but at having found in it nothing that should not be there. Mrs. Orr's name was, indeed, a guarantee for accurate information, for abstinence from the indecent garrulity and recklessness of the feelings of survivors which has come to mark biography, for good taste in what she told and good reason in what she did not tell.

\* *The Cathedral Prayer-Book.* By Sir John Stainer and William Russell, Mus. Bac. London: Novello. 1891.

\* *Life and Letters of Robert Browning.* By Mrs. Sutherland Orr. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1891.

But the infinite amount of folly which has been talked about Mr. Browning since the fools left off being against him and began to be on his side, might well make any one shudder at the prospect of his *Life*.

There was no need for such fears. We think, indeed, that though this will always be the fountain head and storehouse of facts for Mr. Browning's biographers, a life a little more critical in more respects than one will have to be written some day. Mrs. Orr herself, with a singular freedom from personal vanity in a writer who has long ago herself criticized her subject, complains that there has as yet been little real criticism of him. It is only too true; and the reason, whether a sufficient one or not, is not far to seek. The ebb and flow—or rather the retardation of the flow—of Mr. Browning's popularity had few parallels in literature, nearly forty years of mainly stupid depreciation and slowly diminishing neglect being succeeded by nearly twenty of mainly stupid worship and constantly increasing study. During the first period a real critic would have found little audience for his praise, and might have been tempted to exaggerate it out of mere opposition to the fools. During the second a real critic might in just the same way have lacked audience for his censure, and have been tempted to exaggerate that. Now, when, in the imagery of one of his own finest poems, the waves of foolish gapers are hastening

off to play again elsewhere  
The same part, choose another peak as bare,  
They find and flatter, feast and finish there

(Mr. George Meredith can, perhaps, tell the address of that peak), it is not improbable that there may be some real Browning criticism in a year or two. Meanwhile it is almost a pity that, in default of the worthier matter, the absence of which she herself deplores, Mrs. Orr should have gone out of her way to argue with or endorse, protest against or register, the opinions of critics often merely tenth-rate.

Most readers of the book, however, will probably be less concerned with these parts of it than with the account of Mr. Browning's actual life, and the light thrown on his actual character. Mrs. Orr dismisses, and—as far, at least, as any recent discoverable ancestry is concerned—disproves, the gossip about his Jewish origin. A man would, doubtless, rather be an Englishman than a Jew; but if he were a poet, and had any Jewish strain in him, he might console himself by the thought that Isaiah and Heine were uncommonly good crafts- and race-fellows. However, West-country, West Indian, Scotch, and German blood appear to be the four strains most easily traceable, and they matter remarkably little, except to the silly folk who cumber themselves about "scientific" criticism. That Mr. Browning was "a Camberwell man," and, even before Mr. Weller uttered it, had taken away the mysterious reproach of Camberwell men as "not counting"—at least in poetry—was well known; as also that he was, in the strictest sense of the word, privately educated. Having regard to what we ourselves said just now, we are loth to generalize very much about cause and effect of this kind. The absence of the usual school and university education of an Englishman above the lower middle-class in rank and means has been constantly shown to be compatible with height of genius and excellence of manners. But it was certainly likely to contribute both to those mannerisms of style which marked Mr. Browning, and to a sort of ungovernable self-concentration (to adopt at once the most accurate and the least unfavourable term) which occasionally marked him also. Mrs. Orr handles the two most unlucky passages of his life (the quarrel with Macready about *The Blot in the Scutcheon*, and the almost unbelievable outrage on the dead Edward Fitzgerald for a private expression of evidently innocent intention, and never meant to reach Mr. Browning's eye or ear) with excellent taste and with much good sense, neither playing Judas to her author, as some modern biographers do, nor attempting an impossible championship. The most interesting letters written seven years ago to Mr. Frank Hill on the first named subject by Mr. Browning himself, and now published, show how after forty years the supposed personal slight rankled and ate into the poet's heart. We are told that a similar defence exists, but that the family (as they have a perfect right) wish it not to be published, for the *Athenæum* verses; but we are told also, and are very glad to hear it, that Mr. Browning would have been glad to recall them if he could. Another incident, in which a different education might have stood him in good stead, was that of the absurd Society called by his name. Here Mrs. Orr takes a bolder line, and, while pointing out that he never exactly identified himself with all these foolish people, admits that he suffered them very gladly. Now, we really cannot see that there was any but one course to pursue here. It was to say, "My good sirs and madams—You mean kindly, and I thank you kindly; you mean to do me honour, and I am sincerely grateful for the honour you mean. But, as a matter of fact, you can only make me ridiculous, and, though I cannot prevent you, I can be neither art nor part—accessory before the fact, nor accessory after it—in being made so. If you found your Society you do it against my wish, and in spite of my protest." But Mr. Browning did not do this; and, though posterity need not laugh otherwise than kindly, it will, we fear, always laugh a little at this part of his history, while it will be sorry for the other two.

After all, however, happy will it be for most of us if the public prosecutor at the last assize can find nothing worse to say of us



than that we resented too deeply and too long an imaginary wrong, that we allowed blind wrath, at a purely imaginary insult to a dead wife, to lead us into an unworthy action, and that we were not proof against flattery. Other blots there are none revealed here in a full, long, and intimate biography. The remarkable affection for family and friends which always characterized Mr. Browning, his devotion to his invalid wife (which kept one of the most sociably given of men almost a hermit, though a hermit à deux, for great part of fifteen years), the complete absorption in his own art, and the unflinching devotion to it which (though he was by no means what popular notions sometimes gave him the credit of being, a man who would write a volume *stans pede in uno*) enabled him to accomplish a life-task extraordinary in volume as well as in merit—are all very well exemplified by the history and the letters embedded in it. Especially agreeable are the letters of Mrs. Browning given in this book; which letters, if they had been in Mr. Fitzgerald's mind instead of the dreary poem *de circonstance* called *Aurora Leigh* (the verse *Robert Elsmere* of its day), he certainly would not have put to paper the very natural and commonplace remark which drew down Mr. Browning's wrath. The portrait given of George Sand is not wholly agreeable (indeed, until that given in her own letters, we know no portrait of George Sand that is), but it is very amiable. It is a little comic to find the author of the said *Aurora Leigh* (and of many better things, of course), the incorrigible misrhymer who jingles "burden" and "pardon," writing patronizingly of Musset. "Do you know his poems? He is not capable of large grasps; but he has poet's life and blood in him, I assure you." That is so, ma'am. We get a pleasant glimpse of one of the shyest and least visible men of letters of the century, Lockhart, who just before his death and in Rome was introduced to the Brownings. "Robert went down to the seaside on a day's excursion with him and the Sartorises, and, I hear, found favour in his sight. Said the critic, 'I like Browning; he isn't at all like a damned literary man.' That is a compliment, I believe, according to your [Miss Browning's] dictionary," and to ours, and to that of all sensible men. At the same time, we own that we think it as well for "Robert's" feelings that *Paracelsus* and *Sordello* had not come within reach of the scorpion's tail at an earlier period. Lockhart would not have missed their merits; but we tremble to think of what he would have said of their defects.

To conclude a necessarily brief notice of a pleasant book, we may compliment Mrs. Orr upon having achieved a real success in this most difficult branch of writing—the success of presenting at once a full and a pleasant picture. She has attained to the fulness without being superfluous, and to the pleasantness without being "suppressive," or apologetic, or (most fatal fault of all!) complimentary all round. It has sometimes been held and said that biographies are almost always saddening, the last note struck being that which Mr. William Morris has finely put in the four words

And then the end.

It is, however, to some extent the fault of the biographer if he produces this effect, and Mrs. Orr has avoided it. Her details, mostly quite fresh and unknown, of the poet's youth are abundant without being in the least tedious; her account of his middle life is judicious and pleasing; her sketch of his triumphal progress at the end, succinct and well-tempered. It is, of course, to a great extent an *éloge* and has the drawbacks of one, while sometimes we even demur to its blame. Why, for instance, should Mrs. Orr be so disconsolate over *Fifine at the Fair*? It would no doubt be better for Mr. Browning's reputation with real critics if he had written nothing except a few lyrics between *The Ring and the Book* and *Asolando*, but *Fifine* trips and skips at least as well as any of them, and far better than most. Still, in the panegyric kind of biography it is a remarkably agreeable specimen.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. ANATOLE FRANCE is always delightful to read, even if we may think that he sometimes carries that personal manner of his with which M. Brunetière reproaches him too far. There is a very amusing, though slightly *aigre-doux*, reply to these same reproaches in the preface to this very book (1); but we must confess that they are to some extent justified—in form chiefly—by its text. In some places M. France falls in with a fancy, now prevalent in France, for throwing criticism into some unexpected shape—a conversation in a smoking-room, a dialogue of the dead, and the like—a trick not exactly unpleasant, but, we think, slightly below the dignity of the art. Elsewhere the juxtaposition of divers articles brings out—after a fashion which, no doubt, would not be noticeable if they were separated—a certain monotony of tone. The perpetual elaborate urbanity becomes a little tiring, the well-bred smile suggests a *mouche* or some other artificial means of keeping it up; one is even inclined to say "Hang it, man! Take off those beautiful white kid gloves, and let us see what you can do with the naked mauleys." But this would be re-

prehensible in the extreme, for, in truth, we ought to be very grateful indeed for such personal appreciations as M. France gives us here. If he sometimes seems to make too many *façons*, he never merely grimaces and gambades like some contemporaries of his, and, above all, his polish covers substance of the most admirable solidity, texture, grain, and seasoning. To speak less metaphorically, M. France, while one of the most polite and urbane, is also one of the most learned of critics, and never by any chance indulges in the facetious and rejoicing ignorance which some think clever. Besides the preface, an excellent specimen of his manner, we may note the opening essay, "Pourquoi sommes-nous tristes?" (wherein may be found a confession of the charge which, as made by foreign critics, has seemed to some a megrim), a most admirable reply to the *dénigreurs* of Baudelaire, and some papers on divers oddities such as Barbey d'Aurevilly, Villiers de L'Isle Adam, and M. Verlaine (with whom M. France was, like some others of us, acquainted somewhat earlier than yesterday). Indeed the articles are almost all delightful, and if continuous reading sometimes produces those ill-tempered feelings which (half ashamed of them the while) we have expressed, it must be remembered that they were not intended to be continuously read.

Criticism of a very different, but still interesting kind will be found in the late M. Nisard's (2) reprint of his early articles on Hugo and other members of the school of 1830. The author seems to have intended the publication for some little time before his death, but we do not remember seeing the book earlier. It may be supposed that that event postponed it. It contains the principal *pièces* for the undying wrath with which extreme romantics have always regarded M. Nisard, and, if it does not quite justify that wrath, explains it. It is all very well for M. Nisard to protest that he praised as well as blamed, and that no personal feeling entered into his writing. Perhaps not; but, in the first place, there is what is untranslatably called in French a "ton rogue" about his criticism, which is of all tones that most resented. And when you pour upon a very dear friend's head such cataracts of such precious balm as M. Nisard poured on the head (not undeserving) of Jules Janin in his attack on *la littérature facile*, you can hardly be surprised if your very dear friend wishes your friendship at the Devil. But M. Nisard never wrote anything that was not worth reading, though we wish for the life of us that we could make out his ingenious and, to himself no doubt, satisfactory demonstration that Victor Hugo was a worse poet than Racine because he was a worse man.

It is not easy to write anything that shall be uninteresting about Mme. de la Fayette; it is impossible for M. d'Haussonville (3) not to write well; but we think we have seen more amusing volumes of the *Grands Écrivains* series than this last. Perhaps one reason is that the friends of the author of *La Princesse de Clèves* and the books of those friends were so much more interesting than herself and her own books; perhaps M. d'Haussonville has attempted to get rather too much into a small space, with the effect of "stiffness." It is, however, only by comparison that the book can be otherwise than well spoken of. M. d'Haussonville has once more made use of his interesting discovery of a copy of the *Maximes* annotated by their author's friend, and he has not discovered anything more about the mysterious husband, who never appears; but otherwise he has put the facts about his heroine and her work very sufficiently, and his extracts from the unpublished correspondence between her and her tutor, that prince of learned coxcombs, Ménage, are very amusing.

A very great deal has been written of late, especially in England, about the Canaries. Dr. Verneau's book (4) has something to say about their trade and climate, their sights and scenery, and he is very anxious that the French (whose mere nationality is a passport) should not abandon them, as a visiting and trading-ground, to the English (who are merely objects of ridicule). But the main purport of the volume is to give an account of his researches—which were long, careful, and fertile in results—into the archaeology of the islands, and the traces of the rather mysterious, and very ill-fated, Guanches. These researches the Doctor seems to have pursued with much ardour; tying rickety ladders together to reach caverns in the face of a hill perpendicular, some fifty feet from the ground, and otherwise exposing himself in the interests of science. We are glad that he has a good word for the camels, who are the ordinary beasts of burden and travel in semi-African Fuerteventura and Lanzarote. Now, as a rule, "nobody prays for the poor camel."

In *Soyons gai* (5), a speaking title, "the Viscount" has, we think, pulled himself together to some extent, and is more really gay than in some of his recent books. His kind of gaiety is well known, and, if we prefer some others to it, we vastly prefer it to others yet.

(2) *Essais sur l'école romantique*. Par Désiré Nisard. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Madame de la Fayette*. Par le Comte d'Haussonville. Paris: Hachette.

(4) *Cinq années de séjour aux îles Canaries*. Par le Dr. Verneau. Paris: Hennuyer.

(5) *Soyons gai*. Par le Vicomte Richard O'Monroy. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(1) *La vie littéraire*. Par Anatole France. Troisième série. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN *The Insanity of Genius* (Ward & Downey) Mr. J. F. Nisbet has produced a book which possesses at least one admirable and desirable quality—it is most eminently readable. Open its pages where one will, one is confronted with matter of interest alike to the scientific inquirer and the mere seeker of entertainment. Mr. Nisbet takes no narrow view of the scope either of "genius" or "insanity," including among his instances of the former, not only any whose achievements have made them stand out from the general ruck of mankind, but also all their kith and kin; while in like manner he refers, as regards the latter, to "the established kinship of an extensive group of brain disorders, of which insanity or paralysis is the more obvious expression, and gout, consumption, malformations, &c., the more obscure." Searching therefore, as he does, in so wide a field, there is little cause for wonder that Mr. Nisbet has so lavishly illustrated the relationship of genius and insanity for which he contends—indeed, when it becomes germane to the matter to record the gouty or consumptive symptoms of a family to the third and fourth generation, it is hard to say where it will please the author to cry a halt. The illustration, by the way, which Mr. Nisbet gives of the spontaneous generation of ideas in the brain of an insane patient, and the mechanical process whereby one train of thought is associated with another, is perfectly consecutive, and is, in fact, exactly how De Quincey wrote his *Essays*. But, then, the English Opium-eater and his relatives do not escape Mr. Nisbet's net. "His mother's religious prepossessions," we read, "led her to a gloomy narrowness and austerity"; and, again, "Consumption appeared among the members of his family."

Messrs. George Routledge & Sons, having conceived the idea of publishing, in a cheap and handy form, "the hundred best books," of which Sir John Lubbock some time ago furnished a list, have begun with Herodotus—Cary's translation—and Darwin's *Voyage of a Naturalist*, both of which, for cheapness and handiness, are all that could be desired, save that we could wish, seeing that classical atlases are not, as a rule, within easy reach of the readers whom this series is mainly designed to benefit, that the Herodotus had been furnished with at least a map of Greece.

*The Colonial Year-Book for the Year 1891* (Sampson Low & Co.) shows improvement both of quantity and quality on its very admirable predecessor for 1890, the 750 pages of which have been increased in the volume before us to some 830, while the number of maps has been doubled. The detailed account of each colony—of its climate, products, commerce, Legislature, means of communication, and a mine of other useful, nay, indispensable, information—has been carefully corrected and brought up to date; while the value of the *Year-Book* is still further enhanced by an essay on the "Expansion of the Empire and the Growth of its Commerce," from the pen of Mr. J. Scott Keltie, and by contributions from Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., and Mr. E. Cant-Wall on "Imperial Penny Postage and Cheap Telegraph Rates." We can give this volume no higher praise than to say that it is worthy of the subject-matter with which it deals, the colonial possessions of the British Crown, which are (as it reminds us) "over eleven million square miles in extent, and with a population, including feudatories, of something like 360 millions, one-fifth of the land-surface of the globe, and one-fourth of its inhabitants."

In *Cassell's English Dictionary*, edited by Mr. John Williams, too much would appear to have been sacrificed to keep the volume, in the words of the editor, "of a convenient and handy size." The type is, for a book of reference, somewhat trying, and the symbols and abbreviations so numerous as to require, apparently, a regular education for their due comprehension. Fuller information as regards etymology would be an improvement, and, if something must be sacrificed to make room for it, we would suggest the omission of the long list of classical names, unaccompanied by any description or explanation, which occupies over twenty pages of the Appendix.

The fourth volume of *Book-Prices Current* (Elliot Stock) covers the time between December 1889 and November 1890. The value of this work, to both buyers and sellers of books, in an age when all of us appear bent on either acquiring or dispersing a library, needs no insistence. On this point the facts that the first volume is out of print, and that of the second only a few copies are left, speak for themselves. No very important collections of books having come into the market during the period considered in the volume now before us, the editor has been enabled to devote special attention to an increased number of foreign printed works.

Mr. Douglas Sladen reminds us how little is known in this country of the *Younger American Poets* (Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh). Some of their names, it is true, are not unfamiliar to English readers; but they are in a sad minority. Bret Harte, "Joaquin" Miller, and a few others we know, or pretend to know; but for the most part, in the pages of this substantial volume, we are in new and very pleasant company among the poets of the Northern and Southern States, and of the Dominion of Canada.

Nor is the old country entirely without young poets of its own. Of such, we take it, is Mr. E. L. Tomlin, who, in his *Rhymelets*

(Longmans), makes, within three short stanzas, "deathful" rhyme with "faithful," and "dwelling" with "healing"; and "J. K. S.," whose *Lapsus Calami* (Macmillan & Bowes) makes an avowed attempt to follow in the footsteps of the late Mr. C. S. Calverley; a task which, it must be confessed, is accomplished *haud passibus æquis*. Yet "J. K. S.," who puts forth his little volume in the appropriate light blue of Eton and Cambridge, has achieved here and there a striking success, and can seldom be accused of failure.

A perusal of *My Doctors, by a Patient* (Skeffington & Son) leads us to the conclusion that the ailments of suffering humanity are but little suited to be the subject-matter of fooling, and that the result of the attempt is, in this instance, depressing in the extreme.

Under the title of *Modern Customs and Ancient Laws of Russia*, Professor Maxime Kovalevsky has published the course of "Ilchester Lectures" delivered by him at the Taylorian Institution, Oxford, in 1889-90. The earlier part is concerned chiefly with the matrimonial customs, the state of the family and of the village community in modern Russia, and contains much interesting information; but the most valuable part of the work lies in the description of the old Russian folk-motes and Parliaments. It will be news to many that, so far back as the year 1550, before the House of Romanoff had emerged from obscurity, there was in Moscow a Parliament, which, besides completely representing the higher nobility and bureaucracy, and the higher clergy, possessed also a more democratic element in the shape of representatives of the lower nobility, the regular military force, and the inhabitants of cities and rural districts. It appears, therefore, that the subjects of Alexander III. sigh in vain for an amount of constitutional liberty which was not withheld from their ancestors over three centuries ago by Ivan the Terrible.

Dr. Maurice C. Hime, Headmaster of Foyle College, London-derry, has written *An Introduction to the Greek Language* (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co.), of which he says that, having long felt the want of such a Greek grammar, he has therewith supplied the want. At a work which so thoroughly satisfies its author it seems almost ungracious to cavil. We must, however, enter a protest against the system of setting a pupil to learn a language (or, indeed, anything else) by the correction of errors; he is quite as likely to carry away in his mind the wrong way as the right, or perhaps will remember both together, and mix them up in inextricable confusion. It is as bad as to instruct a theological student of tender years in all the varieties of the early Christian heresies—which we recollect having been done by a somewhat eccentric instructor of youth with most disastrous results.

It is not very clear what fate Sir William L. Young expects for his six little dialogues which he publishes under the title of *Scenes from Society* (Eden, Remington, & Co.). If they are to be read as narrative, they had far better been told in narrative rather than in dramatic form, while, if they are to be acted, much that is at present told within brackets in the form of stage directions must be incorporated in the spoken dialogue, if it is to produce its effect on an audience. Were this done, these little comediettas might be effective in a mild way, at any rate, in the Theatre Royal Back-drawing-room.

We must protest against an edition of Shakspeare dubbed with such a name as *The Mignon* (George Routledge & Son). Without being unduly insular in our prejudices, we must maintain there are plenty of words in our own language by which any amount of editions of our greatest national poet can be described instead of borrowing from the French an appellation of no very honourable association—in this matter the most cosmopolitan mind need not be ashamed to confess an "anti-Gallican" bias.

We have also received *John Kenneth Mackenzie* (Hodder & Stoughton); *Some French and Spanish Men of Genius* (Ellis & Elvey); *Southey's Life of Nelson* (Cassell); *Sheridan's Rivals and School for Scandal* (Cassell); *A Money Market Primer* (Effingham Wilson); *The Colliery Manager's Handbook* (Crosby Lockwood & Son); *Materia Medica and Therapeutics* (Cassell); *Credo ut Intellegam* (Mowbray & Co.); *The Law of Private Trading Partnership* (Effingham Wilson); *Heat, Light, and Sound* (Macmillan); *Joseph Jacobs' Essays and Reviews* (D. Nutt); *Elementary Chemistry* (Blackie & Son); *Hassell's Familiar Objects* (Blackie & Son); *Hobson's Plane Trigonometry* (Cambridge University Press); *Richardson's Progressive Euclid*, Books I. and II. (Macmillan); *Hall and Stevens' Euclid*, Books III. and IV. (Macmillan); *Loney's Elements of Statics and Dynamics* (Cambridge: University Press); *Lock's Trigonometry of One Angle* (Macmillan); *The Prince and the Page* (Macmillan); *Disarmed* (Macmillan); *Geological Features of the Transvaal* (Stanford); *Royal Edinburgh* (Macmillan); *New Zealand* (Petherick); *Sketches from a Nile Steamer* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *The Loves of Tibullus* (Houlston & Sons); *A Hundred Years by Post* (Sampson Low & Co.); *Personal Reminiscences of the Earl of Beaconsfield*, K.G. (Cassell); *Maidens of Scripture* (Wells Gardner & Co.); *Selections from Petrarca* (Eden, Remington, & Co.)



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